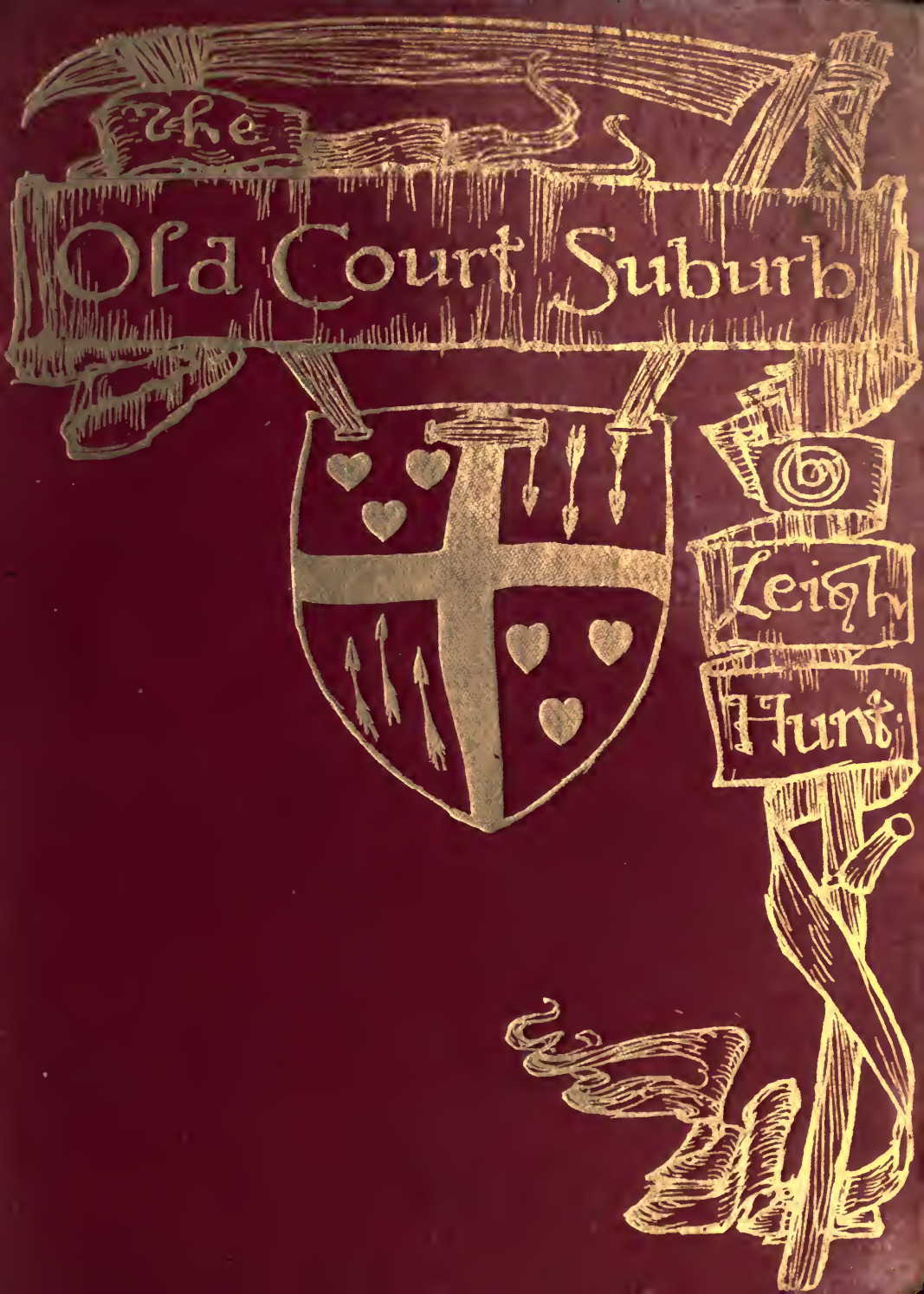
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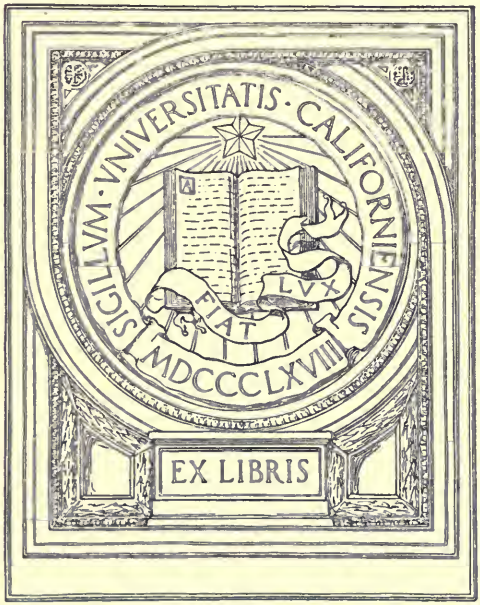

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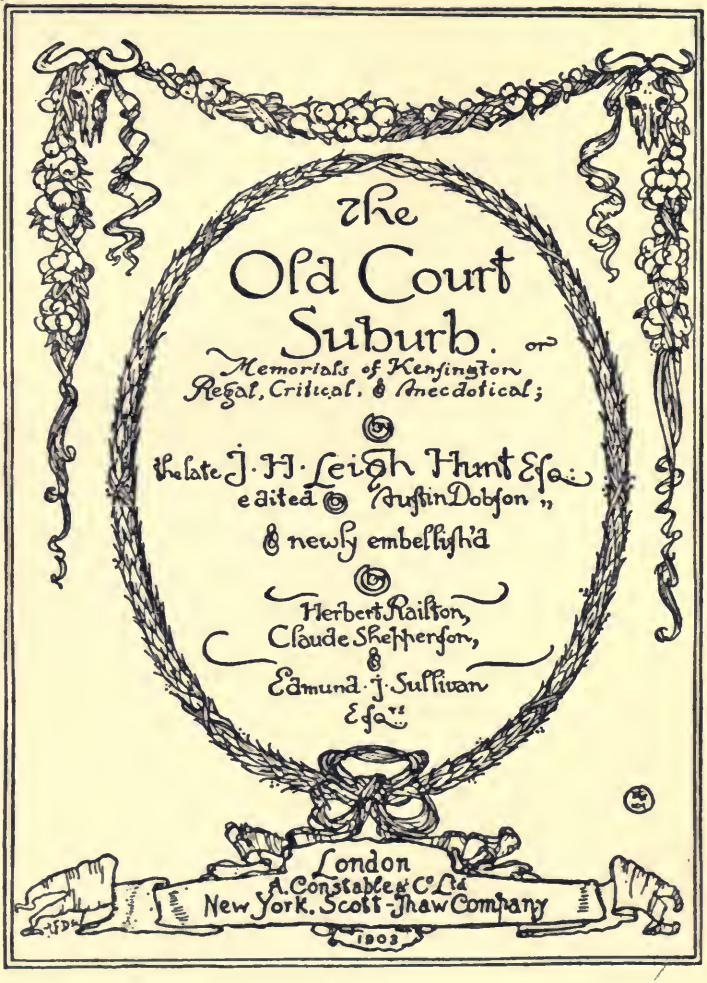
VOL. II

Holland House, from Gardens



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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

ADDISON, notwithstanding the popularity of the Foxes, is still the greatest celebrity of Holland House. His death in it is its greatest event. Places in the vicinity are named after him; and the favourite record of its library is the tradition, before mentioned, of the bottle of wine at each end of it, by which he is said to have refreshed his moralities, while concocting their sentences to and fro. It is added, unfortunately, that he drank the more because he was unhappily married.

The question upon this point is still discussed, and will probably never be settled. The received opinion is, that Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick originated in his being tutor to her son; that the Countess became ashamed of it as a descension from her rank; and that their lives were rendered unhappy in consequence. The prevalence of this opinion appears to have been owing to

Johnson's Lives of the Poets, in which the case is stated with so evident a willingness to believe it, that people in general, who are ready enough to fall in with such an inclination, have overlooked the manifest assumptions on which it is founded, and the 'saids' and 'perhapses,' with which it is qualified. Setting aside higher points of view on such questions, there is, in fact, no proof that Addison was tutor to the young Earl, or that the Countess felt any regret for the marriage on the score of rank. Tutorship, had he been a tutor, need not have hindered him from making a pleasant husband. Tutors have married highly, before and since, and become lords and archbishops; and though the lady was a countess by marriage, her birth was but that of a baronet's daughter, which put no such vast difference between her and the son of a dean (for such was the father of Addison). The truth of the matter we take to have been, that the match was unsuitable on very ordinary grounds. The lady was well and merry; the gentleman fit only to muse. Addison died at the end of three years. And hence (as Johnson would have been the first to say, had anybody provoked him to differ with the other opinion)—hence all this mighty fuss, Sir, about a tutor, and a countess, and the punctilios of rank.

Mighty versions are often given to things that have quite another significancy. It has been questioned of late under what real impulse another cir-

cumstance occurred, which is connected with Addison and Holland House. We allude to the famous words which he is said to have addressed in his last moments to the young Earl of Warwick;—'See in what peace a Christian can die.' The story originated with Young, who said he had it from Tickell; adding, that the Earl led an irregular life, which Addison wished to reclaim. But, according to Malone, who was a scrupulous inquirer, there is no evidence of the Earl's having led any such life; and Walpole, in one of his letters that were published not long ago, startled—we should rather say, shocked—the world, by telling them that Addison 'died of brandy.' It is acknowledged by his best friends, that the gentle moralist, whose bodily temperament was as sorry a one as his mind was otherwise, had gradually been tempted to stimulate it with wine, till he became intemperate in the indulgence. It is impossible to say what other stimulants might not gradually have crept in; nor is it improbable that, during the patient's last hours, the physician himself might have ordered them. Sustainments of that kind, in dying moments, are frequently, and except in the opinion of superstition, very properly administered; generally, out of pure humanity; often, in order to enable the sufferer to speak his last words, which may be of great importance. He may take the stimulant without knowing what it is; may suppose it to be one of those divine medicines with

which God has been pleased to endow herb and mineral, sometimes even poison; and, indeed, there is no poison, nor dangerous distillation of anything, which is not a divine medicine, if used, instead of abused. Addison, therefore, may have had the stimulus given him, whatever it was, not because it was a habit which he could not leave off, and so 'died of it,' but because, like many a sober man before him, he had not strength enough to speak without it. Again, he might or might not have known anything of the nature of the draught, yet still have regarded his peace of mind as a thing apart from the composure of his nerves, and justly founded on what had been a conviction of his life. Nay, supposing him even to have died as Walpole asserts, he might still have regarded that conviction as a thing triumphant over the nerves themselves, and over the very inefficacy of the draught; he might have said to himself, 'Nothing can compose me longer, but my belief in my religion. Let me show in this last trial, how tranquillising it can be.' It is in vain that we fancy the light spirit of Walpole laughing at us for these considerations—saying to us, 'Oh, what need of words? He died drunk and maudlin, and there's an end.' We cannot thus consent to think the worst, instead of best, of a man who has given the world so much instruction and entertainment, and whose Christianity, at all events, was of a kind superior to vulgar intolerances,

and disposed to think the best of most things. No: if Addison spoke the words, which it is very likely he did, his mistake was (for we still think he committed a mistake) in rendering his religious conviction liable to the charge of egotism, and countenancing the assumption, that no others could enable a man to die as peaceably as himself. For to assume this, involves an imputation against the divine government, and the death-beds of good men in all regions of the world. Besides, good men with tender consciences, may sometimes die less peaceably than men who are not so good; so that on every account it is best, upon the whole, that all such exhibitions of self-complacency be avoided, and the pious mortal, whatever be his particular mode of faith, be content to die in that spirit of resignation to heaven, and interchange of comfort with those about him, which is common to good people of all faiths.

Good words are good things; yet good deeds are better. Addison, we doubt not, had his rights of comfort from both; yet there is one thing which we could have preferred his doing in his last hours to anything which he may have said. It is the amends which, for some mysterious reason or other, he said he would have made to Gay, 'if he lived.' The story, as related by Pope, is that, 'a fortnight before Addison's death, Lord Warwick came to Gay, and pressed him, in a very particular manner, to go and see Mr Addison, which he had not done for a

great while. Gay went, and found Addison in a very weak way. Addison received him in the kindest manner, and told him that he had desired this visit to beg his pardon; that he had injured him greatly; but that, if he lived, he should find that he would make it up to him. Gay, on his going to Hanover, had great reasons to hope for some good preferment; but all those views came to nothing. It is not impossible but that Mr Addison might prevent them, from his thinking Gay too well with some of the former Ministry. He did not at all explain himself in what he had injured him; and Gay could not guess at anything else in which he could have injured him so considerably.' Now it surely would have been better, if instead of stopping at Gay's pardon of him, which of course the good-natured poet heartily gave (we fancy we see him coming out of Holland House with the tears in his eyes), Addison had followed it up with making the amends while he could; or, better still, had he secured the amends beforehand, in order to warrant his asking the pardon. It may be said, that he might have been unable. He might so. But still he might have given proofs that he had done his best.

Addison, it must be owned, did not shine during his occupation of Holland House. He married, and was not happy: he was made Secretary of State, and was not a good one; he was in Parliament, and

could not speak in it; he quarrelled with, and even treated contemptuously, his old friend and associate, Steele, who declined to return the injury. Yet there, in Holland House, he lived and wrote, nevertheless, with a literary glory about his name which never can desert the place; and to Holland House, while he resided in it, must have come all the distinguished men of the day; for though a Whig, he was personally 'well in,' as the phrase is, with the majority of all parties. He was in communication with Swift, who was a Tory, and with Pope, who was neither Tory nor Whig. It was now that the house and its owners began to appear in verse. Rowe addressed stanzas to Addison's bride; and Tickell after his death touchingly apostrophises the place:

> 'Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
> Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;
> Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
> O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?'

(That is a good and true line.)

> 'How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
> Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
> How sweet the gloom beneath thy aged trees!'

It seems to have been in Holland House (for he died shortly afterwards) that Addison was visited by Milton's daughter, when he requested her to bring him some evidences of her birth. The moment he beheld her, he exclaimed, 'Madam, you need no

other voucher; your face is a sufficient testimonial whose daughter you are.' It must have been very pleasing to Addison to befriend Milton's daughter; for he had been the first to popularise the great poet by his critiques on 'Paradise Lost,' in the 'Spectator.'

Besides Holland House, Addison possessed a mansion of his own at Bilton, in Warwickshire, which was afterwards occupied by his daughter, who lived to a great age. He deserved to possess a good house and grounds; for he understood the elegancies of such things, and the tranquil pleasures of the country. The illustrious inhabitant of Kensington watched with interest the improvement of the royal grounds, and was the first to propose that 'Winter Garden,' to horticulturists in general, which we trust to see realised, with such a world of other desirables, in the new Crystal Palace.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

HOLLAND HOUSE, after Addison's death, remained in possession of the Warwick family and of their heir, Lord Kensington, who came of the family of Edwardes, till it was purchased of his Lordship by Henry Fox, who subsequently became a lord himself, and took his title from the mansion. This was about a hundred years ago, in the beginning of the reign of George the Third.

Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland of the new race, was the younger son of that marvellous old gentleman, Sir Stephen Fox, who, after having had a numerous offspring by one wife, married another at the age of seventy-six, and had three more children, two of whom founded the noble families of Holland and Ilchester. It was reported that he had been a singing-boy in a cathedral; Walpole says he was a footman; and the late Lord Holland, who was a man of too noble a nature to affect ignorance of such traditions, candidly owns that he was a man of 'very humble origin.' Noble families must begin with somebody; and with whom could the new one have

better begun than with this stout and large-hearted gentleman, who, after doing real service to the courts in which he rose, and founding institutions for the benefit of his native place, closed a life full of health, activity, and success, in the eighty-ninth year of his age?

Henry Fox was as full of vitality as his father, and he carried the stock higher; but, though very knowing, he was not so wise, and did not end so happily. With him began the first parliamentary emulation between a Fox and a Pitt, which so curiously descended to their sons. Many persons now living remember the second rivalry. The first was so like it, that Walpole, in one of his happy comprehensive dashes, describes the House of Commons, for a certain period, as consisting of a 'dialogue between Pitt and Fox.' The oratory, in the high sense of the word, was on the Pitt side; but Fox, though an unequal speaker, partly fluent and partly hesitating, had acuteness, argument, and a natural manner; and it was a rare honour, even for the short time in which he did so, to divide the honours of emulation with the man who has been since styled the 'great Earl of Chatham.' Fox had begun life as a partisan of Sir Robert Walpole; and in the course of his career, held lucrative offices under Government—that of Paymaster of the Forces, for one—in which he enriched himself to a degree which incurred a great deal of suspicion. He was latterly

WILLIAM PITT

denounced, in a city address, as the 'defaulter of unaccounted millions.' Public accounts, in those times, were strangely neglected; and the family have said, that his were in no worse condition than those of others; but they do not deny that he was a jobber. Fox, however, for a long time, did not care. The joyousness of his temperament, together with some very lax notions of morality, enabled him to be at ease with himself, as long as his blood spun so well. He jobbed and prospered; ran away with a duke's daughter; contrived to reconcile himself with the family (that of Richmond); got his wife made a baroness; was made a Lord himself, Baron Holland of Foxley; was a husband, notwithstanding his jobbing, loving and beloved; was an indulgent father; a gay and social friend—in short, had as happy a life of it as health and spirits could make, till, unfortunately, health and spirits failed; and then there seems to have been a remnant of his father's better portion within him, which did not allow him to be so well satisfied with himself in his decline. Out-tricked and got rid of by the flighty Lord Shelburne, and forsaken by the selfish friends with whom he had jobbed and made merry and laughed at principle, he not only experienced the last mortifications of a man of the world, but had retained at least enough belief in the social virtues to be made seriously unhappy by the conduct of his worthless companions, particularly by that of Rigby, the most

worthless of them all. His Lordship had a talent for *vers de société*, and tried to console himself with a Lament, in which the name of Rigby, now unknown out of the pale of party recollections, comes in, like an involuntary burlesque:

> 'White-liver'd Grenville and self-loving Gower
> Shall never cause one peevish moment more;
> Not that their spite required I should repair
> To southern climates and a warmer air,
> Slight was the pain they gave, and short its date;
> I found I could not both despise and hate;
> But, *Rigby*, what did I for thee endure?'

The noble lord tried to divert his melancholy with building a villa near Margate, in a style equally expensive and fantastic, from which he made visits across the Channel to France and Italy. He also endeavoured to get some comfort out of a few other worthless persons, such as George Selwyn and Lord March, afterwards 'Old Q.' (Duke of Queensberry), gentlemen who, not being in want of places, had abided by him. But all would not do. He returned home and died at Holland House, twenty years younger than his father; and he was followed in less than a month by his wife. Gray's bitter lines on the house at Kingsgate are so well known, and the owner of it, upon the whole, was so good-natured a man, probably sinning no worse than the companions whose desertion he so lamented, that we are not sorry to omit them. It is said, that a day

or two before his death, George Selwyn, who had a passion for seeing dead bodies, sent to ask how he was, and whether a visit would be welcome.

'Oh, by all means,' said Lord Holland. 'If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see George; and I know that, if I am dead, he will be delighted to see me.'

A curious story is told of the elopement of the Duke of Richmond's daughter, Lady Caroline Lennox, who thus speedily followed her husband to the grave. The Duke was a grandson of King Charles the Second; and both he and the Duchess had declined to favour the suit of Mr Fox, the son of the equivocal Sir Stephen. They reckoned on her marrying another man; and an evening was appointed on which the gentleman was to be formally introduced as her suitor. Lady Caroline, whose affections the dashing statesman had secretly engaged, was at her wit's end to know how to baffle this interview. She had evaded the choice of the family as long as possible, but this appointment looked like a crisis. The gentleman is to come in the evening; the lady is to prepare for his reception by a more than ordinary attention to her toilet. This gives her the cue to what is to be done. The more than ordinary attention is paid; but it is in a way that renders the interview impossible. She has cut off her eyebrows. How can she be seen by anybody in such a trim? The indignation of the Duke and Duchess is great; but the thing is manifestly impossible. She is

accordingly left to herself for the night; she has perfected her plan, in expectation of the result; and the consequence is, that when next her parents inquire for her, she has gone. Nobody can find her. She is off for Mr Fox.

At the corner of Holland House Lane—the one that is now shut up—is a public-house, the Holland Arms, the sign of which is the family scutcheon. The supporters of the shield are a couple of foxes, and in this emblazonment of it—for the arms in the peerage have no such device—one of the foxes holds a rose in his mouth. The rose is the cognisance of the Richmond family. Was this an allusion to the stolen bud? The old Duchess of Marlborough, whose nephew had been persuaded by Henry, or, as he was familiarly termed, Harry Fox, to join him in politics, called him 'the fox that had stolen her goose.' Did this put it into Fox's head to represent himself as the fox that had stolen the rose?

Lady Caroline appears to have been truly attached to her husband. Her death so soon after his own, was not improbably occasioned by it; and when he procured her the title of Baroness, before he was ennobled himself, she put up their joint coat of arms in the house, where it is still to be seen, with the motto *Re e Marito* (king and husband); as much as to say that she derived her honours equally from both.

The Holland Army

But the Fox family, during his Lordship's prosperity, had been forced to suffer what they considered a degradation, in turn. Among the pictures in Holland House we have mentioned an interesting one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing, in a group, Lady Sarah Lennox, who was a very young sister of Lady Caroline; Lady Susan Fox, or Strangeways, an equally young daughter of Henry Fox's cousin, Lord Ilchester, who had taken the name of Strangeways; and Charles Fox, afterwards the great Whig statesman, who was then a youth of eighteen, or thereabouts. Lady Susan is looking down from one of the lower windows of Holland House; Lady Sarah is lifting a dove towards her; and Charles Fox holds a copy of verses in his hand, which he is understood to be repeating to Lady Sarah.

Lady Sarah, who was beautiful, is supposed to have been the heroine of the song, 'On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,' and to have been nearly raised to the throne by the young King, George the Third, who is said to have frequently ridden past Holland House, on purpose to get a sight of her. She became the wife of Sir Charles Bunbury, who forsook Mrs Inchbald for her; but a divorce ensued, and she married a Napier. Lady Susan Fox is stated in the Peerage to have married William O'Brien, of Stintsford, in the county of Dorset, Esquire; but upon that little word 'esquire' —a very little word nowadays, but at that time

a designation of some pretension—hangs a tale of dramatic interest.

One of the amusements in Holland House was the performance of plays. It had formerly been a court custom, as it now is again; but Queen Elizabeth, like Queen Victoria, had the plays performed by professional actors. Among those actors, in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, were children; and hence children in private life subsequently figured sometimes as amateurs. We have mentioned a picture in Holland House, by Hogarth, representing the performance of a play of Dryden by children, one of whom was a grand-niece of Sir Isaac Newton. It may be here added, that another was of the Pomfret family, and that two figures in the background are said to be a Duke and Duchess of Richmond.

In the January of the year seventeen hundred and sixty-one, Horace Walpole was present at a performance of this kind in Holland House, which greatly entertained him. But the account of it had better be given in his own words.

'I was excessively amused (says he) on Tuesday night. There was a play at Holland House, acted by children; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangeways played the women. It was Jane Shore. Mr Price, Lord Barrington's nephew, was Gloster, and acted better than three parts of the comedians; Charles Fox,

Hastings; a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour; Lord Ofaly, Lord Ashbroke, and other boys, did the rest. But the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour; and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed, too, with seeing Mr Fox's little boy of six years old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves and with a square cap. They inserted two lines for him, which he could hardly speak plainly.' (This little boy died a general in the year eighteen hundred and eleven.)

So far, so good; and Horace Walpole is enchanted with young ladies who act plays. But ladies who act plays are apt to become enchanted with actors; and three years after this performance of Jane Shore, a catastrophe occurs at Ilchester House, which makes Horace vituperate such enchantments as loudly as if he had never encouraged them. O'Brien, a verit-

able actor at the public theatres, runs away with the noble friend of Jane Shore, the charming Lady Susan; and the Foxes, and the Walpoles, and all other admirers of amateur performances, are in despair; not excepting, of course, the runner away with the Duke's daughter. Horace, forgetting what he said of Sir Stephen, or perhaps calling it desperately to mind, declares that it would have been better had the man been a footman, because an actor is so well known, that there is no smuggling him in among gentlefolk. '*Il ne sera pas milord tout comme un autre.*' The worst of it was, that Horace had not only been loud in praise of the young lady's theatricals, but had eulogised this very O'Brien as a better representative of men of fashion than Garrick himself.

Perhaps it was his eulogy that made the lady fall in love. And O'Brien was really a distinguished actor, and probably as much of a gentlemen off the stage as on it. Nay, to say nothing of the doubt which has been thrown upon the legitimacy of Horace himself (who is suspected to have been the son of Carr, Lord Hervey), the player may even have come of a better house than a Walpole; for the Walpoles, though of an ancient, were but of a country-gentleman stock; whereas the name of O'Brien is held to be a voucher for a man's coming of race royal.

We do not mean by these remarks to advocate

East Front
Pickard Hall

intermarriages between different ranks. There is well-founded objection to them in the difference of education and manners, and the discord which is likely to ensue on all sides. But their general unadvisedness must not render us unjust to exceptions. An Earl of Derby some time afterwards was thought to have married good breeding itself in the person of Miss Farren the actress; and though Mr O'Brien, instead of being smuggled in among the gentlefolk whom he so well represented, was got off with his wife to America, their after-lives are recorded as having been equally happy and respectable. So Lady Susan, after all, made a better match of it with her actor than Lady Sarah with the baronet.

So much for the plays at Holland House, and the vicissitudes in the marriages of the Foxes.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

STEPHEN, second Lord Holland, though by no means destitute of natural abilities or vivacity, appears to have had in his composition too great a predominance of the animal nature over the spiritual. He was good-natured, but whimsical; and as he had been allowed to have his way, his way probably lay chiefly in the eating and drinking line; for his face is sleepy and sensual, with very thick lips. Hence an apoplectic tendency, which took him off at the age of nine-and-twenty.

But Stephen had a brother, afterwards the celebrated Charles James Fox, the 'man of the people,' who, however he may have indulged himself in the same way, had life enough in him to keep him wide awake (and others too) for nearly twice the time. Indeed, he may be said, during his youth, to have had too much life; more animal vitality in him, and robustness of body to bear it out, than he well knew what to do with. And his father is said to have encouraged it by never thwarting his will in anything. Thus the boy expressing a desire

CHARLES JAMES FOX

one day to 'smash a watch,' the father, after ascertaining that the little gentleman did positively feel such a desire, and was not disposed to give it up, said, 'Well, if you must, I suppose you must'; and the watch was smashed. Another time, having been promised that he should see a portion of a wall pulled down, and the demolition having taken place while he was absent, and a new portion supplied, the latter itself was pulled down, in order that the father's promise might be kept, and the boy not disappointed. The keeping of the promise was excellent, and the wall well sacrificed; but not so the watch; and much less the guineas with which his father is absolutely said to have tempted him to the gaming table, out of a foolish desire to see the boy employed like himself. Habits ensued which became alarming to the old gamester himself, and which impeded the rise, injured the reputation, and finally nullified that supremacy on the part of the son, which was borne away from him by the inferior but more decorous nature of Pitt.

Fox was a great lesson as to what is good and what is bad in fatherly indulgence. All that was good in him it made better; all that was bad it made worse. And it would have made it worse still, had not the good luckily preponderated, and thus made the best at last even of the bad. Charles was to have his way as a child; so he smashed

watches. He was to have his way as a youth; so he gambled and was dissolute. He was to have his way as a man; so he must be in Parliament, and get power, and vote as his father did, on the Tory side, because his father had indulged him, and he must indulge his father.

But his father died, and then the love of sincerity, which had been taught the youth as a bravery and a predominance, was encouraged to break forth by the galling of his political trammels; and though he could not refuse his passions their indulgence, till friends rescued him from insolvency, and thus piqued his gratitude into amendment, that very circumstance tended to show that he added strength and largeness of heart to his father's softness; for the spoilt child and reckless gamester, though he never could become the ruling power in a state which had got into the hands of mere conventional decorum (for his brief occupations of office are to be counted as nothing), finally settled down as the representative of a nobler age that was coming, and was the charm in private of all who admired simplicity of manners, and the perfection of good sense.

Apart from this love of truth, we do not take him, in any respect, to have been profound, or to have seen beyond the next generation. In none of his departures from conventionalities, practical or theoretical, did he incline to go beyond the warrant of the liberality of the day. His love of truth itself,

perhaps, was none the worse for his indolence. He found it easiest as well as noblest to take to its broad, straight road. Not that the reputation of truth is to suffer on that account. It only shows how good it is for temperaments of all kinds. His oratory was very effective, from its vehemence and sincerity; yet nobody now reads it. His 'History of James the Second,' in spite of his reputation as the greatest master of the subject, was a general disappointment. His reading, though far from being of a narrow description, lay chiefly in the middle classes of literature, and leaned to style and manners rather than to any power beyond them.

What was greatest in Charles Fox was his freedom from all nonsense, pettiness, and pretension. He could by no means admit that greater was smaller, or the rights of the American or French nations inferior to those of their princes. He envied no man his good qualities; felt under no necessity of considering his dignity with young or old; thought humanity at large superior to any particular forms of it; and in becoming its representative in circles which would have conceded such a privilege to none but a man of birth, enabled them to feel how charming it was, and thus became the most cherished head of a party that ever, perhaps, existed. An excess of this geniality of nature, on the wrong side of it, when he was young, had given a tendency to his jovial body, which cut him off with a dropsy before

Entrance Front
Holland Hoyé

he was old. At least, he was but fifty-eight; which was not an age at which a man of so strong a constitution ought to have died. But the wisdom of the spiritual portion of it survived the folly of the rest, just as soul itself survives body; and this kept him the consistent statesman, and the pleasant sage of private life, to the last.

The spoilt child prevailed so long in the life of Fox, and, to all appearance, so irremediably, that accounts of him at different periods seem hardly recording the same man.

To give instances, in as few words as possible. We have seen the smashing of the watch.

When a youth, he was a great admirer of peerages and ribbons; and on his return from his first visit to the Continent, he appeared in red-heeled shoes and a feather in his hat — the greatest fopperies of the day.

His father paid a hundred and forty thousand pounds for his gaming debts.

He took to the other extreme in dress, and became as slovenly as he had been foppish.

On coming into office, he showed that he could be as industrious as he had been idle.

Whenever he was in office, he never touched a card; and when his political friends, out of a sense of what was due to his public services, finally paid his debts, and made him easy for life, he left off play entirely.

He dressed decently and simply, and settled down for the remainder of his life into the domestic husband, the reader of books, and the lover of country retirement, from which he could not bear to be absent for a day.

In Holland House, Fox passed his boyhood and part of his youth. He is not much associated with it otherwise, except as a name. He and a friend, one day, without a penny in their pockets, walked thither from Oxford, a distance of fifty miles; for the purpose, we suppose, of getting a supply. They resolved to do it without stopping on the road; but the day was hot; an alehouse became irresistible; and on arriving at their journey's end, Charles thus addressed his father, who was drinking his coffee: 'You must send half a guinea or a guinea without loss of time to the alehouse-keeper at Nettlebed, to redeem the gold watch you gave me some years ago, and which I have left in pawn there for a pot of porter.'

A little before he died, he drove several times with his wife to Holland House, and looked about the grounds with a melancholy tenderness.

But, notwithstanding the celebrity of Charles Fox, and that of Addison himself, the man who has drawn the greatest attention to Holland House, if not in his own person, yet certainly by the effect of his personal qualities and attainments upon other people, was Fox's nephew, the late Lord Holland, Henry

Richard, third of the title. He succeeded to the title before he was a year old; rescued the old mansion from ruin, as before noticed; and with allowance for visits to the Continent, and occasional residence in town, may be said to have passed his whole life in it, between enjoyments of his books, and hospitalities to wits and worthies of all parties.

Lord Holland was a man of elegant literature, of liberal politics, of great benevolence. Travelling like other young noblemen on the Continent, but extending his acquaintance with it beyond most of them, and going into Spain, his inclinations became directed to the writers of that country, and his feelings deeply interested in their political struggles. The consequence was a work in two volumes, containing the Lives of Lope de Vega and Guillen de Castro, a translation of three Spanish comedies, and the most hospitable and generous services to the patriots who suffered exile in the cause of their country's freedom. The comedies we have never seen. The Lives, though not profound (for his Lordship was educated in a school of criticism anterior to that of Coleridge and the Germans), are excellent as far as they go, written with classical correctness, and full of the most pleasing and judicious remarks. The friendly intercourse to which he invited all who were distinguished on the liberal side of politics or wit, had, in the meantime, constituted him a kind of representative of theirs in the great world. The

Edinburgh Review was said (though erroneously) to be concocted at Holland House, owing to the residence with him of his friend Mr Allen, who was one of its principal contributors; and the reputation thus publicly acquired was maintained at his hospitable table by a conversation, which, though full of his personal good-nature, was remarkable for its exaction of the severest reasoning, and the most scrupulous attention to facts. How he reconciled this nicety, or his liberal principles in general, with that unbounded admiration for Bonaparte which has lately transpired in his posthumous 'Recollections of Foreign Courts,' it is difficult to say. The admiration, we have no doubt, was driven into the inconsistency by the hypocrisy and broken promises of Bonaparte's enemies, the kings and ministers, who pretended to oppose him in behalf of freedom. The same disgust at hypocrisy, sharpened by personal experience of the inconsistency of those customs in his own country which will discountenance at court what they consecrate at the altar, led him to speak freely of the habits of courts in general; and offence was taken at the moment, both at his Napoleon predilections and his old-world aversions. The cloud on the memory of so warm a heart was not calculated to last. Privately he will be remembered only for his benevolence, and for the great increase of pleasant associations which he has given to Holland House, and there is a reigning

The Terrace

Holland House

circumstance in his career which will procure him a niche in the parliamentary history of his times, equally unique and beautiful — and that is, that whenever a measure was carried through the House of Lords which was not of a just or generous nature, Lord Holland's 'Protest' against it was sure to be found upon the records. He might have been called, in a new sense of the word, the Protestant Peer. There is a book of his, also, which will live,—the other posthumous work, entitled 'Reminiscences of the Whig Party.' It is written not only with correctness and elegance, but with a charming mixture of acuteness and good-nature—of the sharp and the sweet, the 'true pine-apple flavour'—and contains some masterly portraitures of character.

It is a pity that the lives of such men are not always as long as they might be. Lord Holland had a constitutional tendency to gout, which, till he was married, he kept under by hard riding and hunting, of which up to that period he had been extremely fond. He afterwards, like his uncle Charles, used to play at tennis, and to fish; for, with the same inconsistency, and like many another good man before him (and since), he was an instance of the wonderful effect of habit and education in being able to blink the unanswerable objection that lies at the core of all reasoning on the subject of 'sporting'; to wit, the unwarrantableness of any pleasure founded on the infliction of pain. During

the last twenty years of his life, his gout conspired with his love of books to render him less and less active, till at last he became wholly confined to his chair; and the disease killed him at the age of sixty-seven.

It has been observed of the Fox face, that it improved with every generation. Lord Holland is described in a contemporary letter of one of his relations as being very handsome when a child, and he was comely throughout life. The only objection to be made to his face was, that his nose, though of a manly shape and well-formed, was somewhat too small—a defect to which his friend Napoleon, who thought nothing was to be done but by men with well-developed noses, would have attributed the inactivity that hastened his end. Perhaps it was lucky for the Emperor that his future panegyrist, though he good-humouredly encouraged playful allusions to the defect from his family, was not aware of the great man's opinion in this respect; which has but lately, we believe, transpired. His Lordship might have observed, however, that if his life was not so stirring as the great captain's, it was longer, more his own, and had a better end; that his uncle Charles, though he had nose enough to lead a great party, died of a dropsy, nine years sooner; and that the Emperor himself would have been luckier, even as a soldier, if his nose had not induced him to thrust it into Spain and Moscow.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

NEAR Holland House, in a portion, still accessible, of the late thoroughfare leading to it, called Nightingale Lane, stands Little Holland House, a small mansion compared with the other, but still a mansion; isolated, countrified, and standing in a garden. Here Mrs Inchbald once spent a couple of weeks with its occupant, a Mr Bubb, and dined frequently with him on Sundays (Who was he?); and here lived and died Miss Fox, the sister of the late Lord Holland, a lady deserving to be remembered; for everybody seems to have loved her. In her girlhood, she and a young friend, Miss V., a distant connection of the family, were much in the house of another

family connection, the first Lord Lansdowne, at that time Lord Shelburne, the Minister, where she became intimate with his Lordship's *protégé*, Jeremy Bentham, who at that time was still young himself. The future venerable jurist possessed a great deal of vivacity; played on the harpsichord and violin; and being in a curious state of perplexity between his amatory and his cross-examining tendencies, appears to have fallen at one and the same time in love with Miss V. and in dread of the match-making intentions of his noble host, who seems privately as well as publicly to have been considered a very plotting personage. Bentham thought that his Lordship was constantly meditating marriages for all his young lady visitors. The consequence was, that the philosopher delayed the declaration of his love till he was grown old; and what is more curious, he took it to heart that the lady refused him. He had not much cultivated her acquaintance meantime; yet seems to have concluded, that she had remained single on purpose to wait her chance. We do not know whether he ever again saw the lady, after the refusal; but one of the last glimpses which biography affords us of himself, is his walking from Little Holland House, one Sunday morning, in company with Miss Fox and the Reverend Sidney Smith, on the way of the two latter to church. Bentham did not go to church with them. He did not think it right; and he was too honest to belie his opinions.

JEREMY BENTHAM AS A BOY

On the other hand, he tells us that the reverend wit apologised to him for going, alleging that it was his 'trade.' It may be doubted, nevertheless, whether Sidney, in making this apparently 'indiscreet' observation, was not bantering the philosopher's tendency to such assumptions; and intimating that it was hopeless to suppose him capable of taking any other view of the proceeding. Wits, however, it must be owned, are apt to make questionable churchmen.

The turning out of the high road, next to Nightingale Lane, is Addison Road; and at a right angle with this turning, in the high road itself, is Addison Terrace; places named after the former illustrious inhabitant of Holland House.

Addison Road, the houses in which, upon the whole, are in good taste, is terminated by the villa of General Fox, in whose person, the descendants of Sir Stephen Fox have again married with royalty; the lady of the gallant officer being one of the daughters of King William the Fourth.

It is curious to see the new turns that are taken by the children of new generations. A royally descended ancestress of the Foxes, grand-daughter of King Charles the Second, would as soon have thought of flying to the moon, as of 'editing' a political romance. The name of Lady Mary Fox has transpired in editorial connection with a book of this kind; which, under the title of an 'Expedition

to the Interior of New Holland,' is an Utopian speculation, remarkable for its powers of reflection and for its liberal principles, without, in the least degree, derogating from what is becoming in the sex of the fair editor.

The landlords of some of the houses in Addison Road did not very happily christen them, when they called them 'Homer Villa,' 'Cato Cottage,' etc. Cato might very well have lived in a cottage; and his ancestor, Cato the Censor, probably did; but people are not accustomed to associate the idea of Cæsar's antagonist with a cottage; and the impression is not mended, when they find that the cottage is named after Addison's tragedy. 'Homer Villa' is worse; for who can associate the idea of the great ancient wandering poet with a modern citizen's box? or what critic could have fancied, that a house in a road named after Addison would ever have been named after Homer, because Addison was supposed to have written the version of the first book of the 'Iliad,' which bore the name of his friend Tickell!

Addison Road is of some length; is adorned with a modern chapel in good ancient style; and the backs of the houses on the eastern side make sequestered acquaintance with the trees of Holland Park. Addison Terrace does not do equal honour to its name. The houses have a thick, stunted, and huddled appearance. We believe, however, that they are better and larger than they seem.

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From this point of Kensington to its western boundary a little further on, we know of nothing worth mention, except the boundary itself, which runs through the nursery-grounds of the Messrs Lee. These grounds have been known in the parish books, under the title of the Vineyard, ever since the time of William the Conqueror. Wine, described as a sort of Burgundy, was actually made and sold in them, as late as the middle of last century.

Wine was formerly made in many parts of England, probably in no great quantity. It naturally gave way to drinks more congenial to the soil. The right, popular wine of countries which do not produce wine of the best quality, is that which free trade ought to bring them (and will bring them) from those which do.

Another interesting circumstance connected with this spot, is, that it has been in the hands of the respectable family that occupies it, for three generations. The founder of it, James Lee, author of one of the earliest popular systems of Botany, was a correspondent of Linnæus.

In order to avoid the dulness of retracing our steps, we go a little beyond the bounds of the parish, and turning north and westward through pleasant Brook Green, and no less poetically-named Shepherd's Bush, return to it, and ascend Notting (originally, perhaps, Nutting) Hill. By this we arrive at Kensington Gravel-pits, which is a kind of second

Kensington High Street, being to the northern boundary line of the suburb in the Uxbridge Road, what the High Street, commonly so called, is to Kensington proper in the road to Hammersmith.

Since the disappearance of the actual Gravel-pits, their name seems to have been superseded, of late years, by the joint influence of the new streets on Notting Hill and in Bayswater;—all this portion of Kensington to the west of the turnpike being now addressed, we believe, post-officially, as Notting Hill;

and all of it, to the east of the turnpike, being understood, in like manner, to belong to Bayswater.

We regret the loss of the old name for many reasons. The district called the Gravel-pits, or at least so called in books, and in directions of letters, appears, on a rough calculation, to have comprehended all the north and north-western side of Kensington, lying between Notting Hill, Bayswater, Holland House, the Church, and the Palace.

Readers may call to mind a remnant of one of the pits, existing but a few years ago, to the north of the Palace in Kensington Gardens, and adding greatly to their picturesque look thereabouts. A pleasant poetical tradition was connected with it, of which we shall have something further to say. Now, the Gravel-pits were the fashionable suburb resort of invalids, from the times of William and Anne to the close of the last century. Their 'country air,' as it was called, seems to have been preferred, not only to Essex, but to Kent. Garth, in his 'Dispensary,' makes an apothecary say, that sooner than a change shall take place, from making the poor pay for medicine, to giving it them gratis,

> 'Alps shall sink to vales,
> And leeches in our glasses turn to whales,
> Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
> And Monmouth Street Versailles with riding hoods,
> The rich to th' Hundreds in pale crowds repair,
> And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air.'

JONATHAN SWIFT

Swift had lodgings in the Gravel-pits during the winters of 1712 and 1713; and Lord Chatham's sister, Anne Pitt (as like him, says Horace Walpole, 'as two drops of fire'), is recorded to have died at 'her house, in Pitt Place, Kensington Gravel-pits,' in 1780. In the pleasant little corner entitled the Mall (why so called we know not, probably from its having been a more open place formerly and frequented by players of the game so called), lived and died, not long since, the admired painter of our cold northern skies and sea-coasts, Sir Augustus Callcott; whose death was followed, in the same place, by that of his wife, previously known as Mrs Graham (an estimable writer of travels and history). It had been preceded some years, in the same place, by that of his brother, William Callcott, a learned and interesting musician, celebrated for his composition of glees. He was author of the pathetic composition, 'It was a Friar of Orders Grey'; and is understood to have been the ruin of Sir John Hawkins's 'History of Music,' by no greater weapon than a musical pun; having expressed, in a catch on the subject, his preference of Burney's History; which, by the frequent repetition of its title, in contradistinction to that of Sir John's, was made to say, with a horrible reiteration, 'Burn his History.'

'Have you Sir John Hawkins' hist'ry?
Some folks think it quite a myst'ry.

Music fill'd his wondrous brain;
How d'ye like him? Is it plain?
Both I've read, and must agree
Burney's hist'ry pleases me.
Sir John Hawkins—Sir John Hawkins,
How d'ye like him? how d'ye like him?
Burney's hist'ry—*Burney's* hist'ry,
Burney's hist'ry pleases me.'

M. Fetis, the most learned of musical critics, has well disposed of the merits of the two histories, by showing, that neither of them was as good as the author supposed, but that each contains matter wanting in the other, and turnable to account. Burney, however, besides being a musician professed, had made himself personally acceptable in the circles of literature and fashion, by his agreeable manners; whereas Hawkins, who was only an amateur (he had been bred an attorney), was pragmatical, niggardly, and censorious. Hawkins was one of those men who, in a special manner, 'take upon themselves to know'; and, like most such persons, he was apt to pronounce grand final judgments upon things of which he knew little Hence the epitaph that was written upon him, and that so briefly and pleasantly expresses the knight's pompous manner, and the nothings which he uttered:

'Here lies Sir John Hawkins,
Without his shoes and *stawkings*.'

Turning southwards from the Mall towards Church

Street, the visitor of Kensington lately passed Sheffield House, which owed its name to property possessed in this quarter by another pompous man, who made great pretensions in his day to wit and poetry—Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire (he is often erroneously called Duke of Buckingham). Sheffield is said to have made love to Queen Anne when she was princess; and he subsequently married her illegitimate sister, Catherine Darnley, a personage as pompous as himself.

The property, we believe, is still in the possession of a respectable descendant of the Sheffield family; and a new and pretty line of houses, overlooking Campden House Garden, has received their name.

Sheffield House has disappeared; and on its site (while we are writing these notices) another line of houses is in course of erection, the backs of which look towards Palace Gardens, and ought to have pretty gardens of their own, if justice be done to the picturesque, broken ground, with its trees and bushes, that lies between the two thoroughfares.

We are now approaching the northern end of that same Church Street, which we noticed when passing on the south along High Street. We glance, for a moment, up pretty little Campden Grove, a street so called for its possession of one side of a woody bit of ground; and step again into Church Street, for the purpose of noticing a gateway next the George Tavern inscribed, 'Newton

House.' This gateway belongs to a large old brick house,* which stands in a curious, evading sort of way, as if it would fain escape notice, at the back of other houses on both sides of it; but notice

escape it must not; since it was the residence of no less a man than Isaac Newton.

The great astronomer came here from London in consequence of an attack of the lungs, from

* Afterwards called Bullingham House.

which he appears to have been rescued by a fit of the gout. We have already mentioned some property which he possessed in another part of Kensington. Sir Isaac lived in this house for two years; then returned very ill of another disease to London; again returned to Newton House, and died there in less than a month. The house is now a boarding-school. The memory of Newton has rendered this out-of-the-way-looking place the most illustrious spot in Kensington; but Newton is in no want of record, and we must return to the spot just mentioned, on which Sheffield House is being displaced by a new line of buildings, in order to notice a massy old buttressed dead wall, which occupies the other side of the way, and which is the garden wall of another old house possessing an interest of a different yet peculiar sort not unsuitable to its appearance.

This is Campden House; and we are here on the eastern border of Campden Hill, which forms a larger portion of the same elevated ground on which Holland House is situate. Between the two houses lies a pleasant enclosed district of some extent, occupied by detached villas, with their respective gardens. One of them belongs to the Bedford family. Sir John South possesses a house and observatory in the western portion of the hill; new streets, on a small but agreeable scale, are daily rising to the north and east of this house: Campden

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

Grove, which we have just glanced at, is among them; and north of Campden Grove is Campden House, which is still the most conspicuous object in this quarter, as it has ever been since it was first erected about 1612 by Sir Baptist Hickes, a wealthy silk-mercer of Cheapside, founder of the old Hickes's Hall at Clerkenwell, which the present Sessions House superseded. Sir Baptist was one of the money-made baronets of James the First, who afterwards advanced him to the titles of Lord Hickes and Viscount Campden (of Campden in Gloucestershire). He was reported to have 'purchased or won' the house 'at some sort of game,' from Sir Walter Cope, the lord of the manor, and builder of Holland House. But Sir Walter and Sir Baptist were both such prudent persons, that we hold the story of the game to be nought. The wary old gentlemen were not likely to have bowled away one another's houses at a game of skittles, as Duke Sheffield or Sir John Suckling might have done. The parishioners had probably seen the comfortable old boys at skittles together, and could not well understand how the silk-mercer could have set up so fine a rival establishment in the neighbourhood of the lord of the manor, without some such piece of good luck.

Viscount Campden's heiress, his only child, took her father's titles into the family of the Noels of

Charles II went one night to sup with him.

Rutland, who became Earls of Gainsborough. In 1645, during the Commonwealth, the third Viscount was obliged to compound for Campden House with the Commissioners of Sequestration, who for a time ousted his Lordship, and took the house for their official residence. At the Restoration, Charles the Second went one night to sup with him. The Viscount's father-in-law, the third Earl of Lindsay, famous for offering to sacrifice himself for the salvation of Charles the First, and for having, when young, surrendered himself prisoner at the battle of Edgehill, in order to be able to attend on his captured father, died in Campden House; a circumstance which, whatever may be thought of his politics, gives a consecration to the place for its association with so loving and noble a spirit. Thirty years afterwards, the house was let to Princess, subsequently Queen Anne, who, for the accommodation of her household, made considerable addition to it on the western side, which is now let apart from the other, and called Little Campden House. The Princess had been residing at Craven Hill, in the house of the old lord of that name, for the benefit of the health of her son, the infant Duke of Gloucester, whom she now brought here; and here she and her husband, George of Denmark, divided their time with their other mansions in anxious pursuit of that object, the Duke being the only child that was left them out

of a numerous family, and presumptive heir to the crown.

The history of this poor little personage is painfully curious. There is a common saying, 'As happy as a prince'; and if ever prince was thought happy by those who were not in the secret of courts, this premature victim of his birth and breeding was probably held to be supremely so, especially by all the little boys of England. He was heir to a throne; he lived apart from its troubles in the house of his father and mother; and, what must have appeared a stupendous felicity in the eyes of the little boys, he not only possessed a real, right earnest, steel sword, instead of one made of lath and paint, and besides that, a suit of real soldiers' clothes—absolute right earnest regimentals, all red and gold—but, amazing to think! he was colonel of a positive regiment of boys, all dressed in soldiers' clothes too. He rode at the head of them; he sat opposite them during parade on a live horse, his own pony; could order them about, and cry March! and look grand and manly; and all the while music would play—real proper fifes, and drums, and trumpets, not at all 'penny'; and he had cannon too, and castles, and a wooden horse to put his soldiers on, when they did wrong; and they stood sentinels at his doorways, and were the terror of the neighbouring cake-shops and apple-stalls, like any proper full-

Old Garden Wall to Campden House

grown gentlemen soldiers. They even had field-days on Wormwood Scrubs, and reviews in Kensington Gardens, and King William was there to see. In short, Campden House was Little Boy's Paradise.

Alas! the god of this paradise was a sickly big-headed child, the victim of his very birth and breeding, and doomed to an early death. He was the only survivor of seventeen children, not one of whom ought to have been born; for Anne had destroyed her person and constitution by gross living—a propensity derived from her mother, Anne Hyde, perhaps from her grandfather Clarendon; and as the most important of all physiologies was not studied in those days, nobody seems to have suspected (indeed few people still suspect) what disastrous liabilities are entailed upon offspring by habits of this or of any other injurious kind in parents. The poor little prince was afflicted with water on the brain. He had a head large enough for a grown person, with all the sickly tendencies that accompany such a warning symptom; yet his dull, though anxious, and not naturally unkind parents so little knew how to treat him, or attended so little to the advice of those who knew better, that after making him weak in body and obstinate in mind with wrong indulgences, they tried to force him into health and good temper by severe treatment. The poor

Campden House

child was flogged to make him take his medicine; flogged to make him walk when he needed help; flogged to make him go up and down stairs. At the age of eleven he was no more.

We shall have more to say of Anne and her husband when we come to Kensington Palace. In the year 1704, Campden House was in the occupation of the Dowager Countess of Burlington and her son Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl, famous for his taste in the fine arts. The Boyles had married into the Noel family. Not many years afterwards, the Noels parted with the property to Nicholas Lechmere, a Whig lawyer and politician, who was created Lord Lechmere, and who resided here several years. He was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. His Lordship made some noise in his time, but is now distinguished for nothing but the place which he occupies in Gay's (or Swift's) ballad entitled 'Duke upon Duke,' of which he is the joint hero with one Sir John Guise, another distinguished gentleman who has vanished into nothingness. The adventure related by the ballad itself has become equally obscure. Lechmere and Guise, whom it styles Duke of Guise, appear to have been a couple of cronies, as proud and fiery as one another, though not equally valiant. Lechmere invites Guise to a game at whist in Campden House. Guise says he can't come, owing to the gout. Lechmere goes in a passion

to Guise's house at Brompton, to insist on his coming.

'The Duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on:
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly Kensington!'

Guise persists in not stirring, till Lechmere tweaks his nose, and gives him a box on the ear! Upon this, Guise knocks Lechmere down. Lechmere challenges Guise, and the challenge is accepted; but when they go out to fight, the challenger contrives to get into his carriage, and give his foe the slip:

'Back in the dark, by Brompton Park,
He turned up through the Gore;
So slunk to Campden House so high,
All in his coach and four.'

The ballad is witty, but very coarse. Lechmere appears to have been a kind of grim dandy.

'Firm on his front his beaver sate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dy'd his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civit-cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God;
And when all other dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.'

Exeunt the two Dukes, as mysteriously as they enter.

About the middle of the last century, Campden House became a fashionable boarding-school. George Selwyn speaks of going there to see a *protégée* of his, who was held to be a very lucky person; for he and his friend Lord March (the late profligate Duke of Queensberry,—'Old Q.') took themselves respectively for her father, and left her a fortune apiece. She married the late Marquess of Hertford.

Campden House, which had fallen into the hands of a Mr Pitt (we know not whether any relation to the Chatham family), continued to be a boarding-school up to a considerable period of the present century, but has now again ceased to be such; and though altered in some respects from its first appearance, and long become two houses instead of one, it retains an interesting look of other times. The tenants appear to have studied its preservation. The gentleman who lately occupied the larger portion, which still bears the name of Campden House (Little Campden House being the designation of the other), went so far in his love of the antique as to build a little old-looking brick tower in the north-eastern corner of the garden. It abuts on the public road, 'astonishing the natives,' and startling at first sight the antiquarian passenger, who in vain calls his records to mind in order to refresh his memory on the subject. On coming nearer, the mystery is cleared up by the nature of the materials and the spirit of

the composition; and he begins to doubt whether the building, before long, will not be something more of a ruin than it was intended to appear. Meantime he sees, however, that there must be some agreeable prospect from the top window, for those who have the courage to go up to it.

We have a liking for hobbies, and a proper Shandean inclination towards persons who go out of the ordinary way of the world to indulge in them; and we must own we cannot wish the tower down, now that it is up. It reminds us, if not of impregnable forts and enchanted castles, yet of the love of such things in imagination; of the books that speak of them; and of the intense delight we should have felt in being able to realise such an edifice for ourselves in childhood.

This last consideration helps the tower to something of a retrospective propriety, in relation to the poor little Duke of Gloucester. These were his own grounds, and this is just the thing he might have set up in them, after reading Jack the Giant Killer, or the seven Champions of Christendom. We imagine him ordering his honest Welsh servant and biographer, Lewis Jenkins, to personate Jack's Welsh giant, inside a great wicker-basket erection made for the purpose, with a horrible bushy countenance at the top of it; then to go to the top of the tower and look down and goggle and roar horribly, making as if he would come down and eat Jack; and, finally,

to roar much worse, and shriek so that nobody ever heard the like, and go dreadfully shuffling and stooping about, while His Royal Highness Jack cuts his basket-work all to pieces.

JENKINS. But perhaps your Royal Highness won't quite bear in mind where the false head begins; while the real one, inside the stomach, is being frightened.

GLOUCESTER (who is a wit, laughing). Oh; never mind that, Jenkins. It will only make it more like right earnest, you know; and if I fetch blood, you shall have a famous Welsh rabbit for supper.

Here his Royal Highness's Light Infantry set up a laugh, which Jenkins is obliged to swallow, though he longs to run at every one of them, and kick their souls out of their provoking and prematurely-insolent little bodies.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

It is to be hoped, that in the course of the local improvements which are now being effected in this quarter of Kensington, a road will be opened between Campden Hill and the Palace. It would be a great convenience to the natives, and to pedestrians of all kinds, the topographer included; but as there is no such thing at present, we must content ourselves with returning into the High Street, and so keeping the north side of the way till it brings us to the Palace gates. When we entered Kensington, we kept the south side. We thus return to the point at which our survey of the town commenced; and we enter on the climax of our task.*

It is not improbable that Kensington Palace and Gardens originated in the royal nursery to which allusion has been made as having been established in this district, for the benefit of his children, by King Henry the Eighth. If so, here Queen Elizabeth grew up awhile, as well as Queen Victoria; and here

* Since this paragraph first appeared, the road in question has been made.

health was in vain attempted to be given to the sicklier temperaments of Edward the Sixth, who died young, and his sister, Queen Mary, who lived only to be an unhappy bigot.

As the circumstance, however, does not appear

ascertainable, antiquaries must put up with the later and less illustrious origin which has been found for these distinguished premises, in the house and grounds belonging to the family of the Finches, Earls of Nottingham. Whether the tenement which they occupied had once been royal or not, it seems to

have been but a small mansion in their time; probably consisting of nothing more than the now least-visible portion of it north-west; and indeed, though it was subsequently enlarged under almost every one of the sovereigns by whom it was occupied, it was never, in one respect, anything but what it still is, namely, one of the plainest and least-pretending of princely abodes.

In vain we are told, that Wren is supposed to have built the south front, and Kent (a man famous in his time) the east front. We can no more get up any enthusiasm about it as a building, than if it were a box, or a piece of cheese. But it possesses a Dutch solidity; it can be imagined full of English comfort; it is quiet; in a good air; and though it is a palace, no tragical history is connected with it; all which considerations give it a sort of homely, fireside character, which seems to represent the domestic side of royalty itself, and thus renders an interesting service to what is not always so well recommended by cost and splendour. Windsor Castle is a place to receive monarchs in; Buckingham Palace to see fashion in; Kensington Palace seems a place to drink tea in; and this is by no means a state of things, in which the idea of royalty comes least home to the good wishes of its subjects. The reigns that flourished here, appositely enough to the notion of the building, were all tea-drinking reigns—at least, on the part of the ladies; and if the present queen does not reign

The reigns that flourished here ... were all tea-drinking reigns.

there, she was born and bred there, growing up quietly under the care of a domestic mother; during which time, the pedestrian, as he now goes quietly along the Gardens, fancies no harsher sound to have been heard from the Palace windows, than the 'tuning of the tea-things,' or the sound of a piano-forte.

We may thus, in imagination, see the house and the gardens growing larger with each successive proprietor. First, there is Heneage Finch, the Speaker of the House of Commons, at the accession of Charles the First; for he is the earliest occupant we can discover. Speakers of the House of Commons, naturally enough, rush to the nearest fresh air they can find, after the heat and toil they have undergone in that illustrious human stew-pan. They did this the faster, when the stew-pan was ridiculously small; which it was, even up to the latest period of the house which the Commons occupied not many years ago; and this, in all probability, was the reason which carried Heneage Finch to his sleeping quarters in the Kensington Gravel-pits. This gentleman possessed but fifteen acres of ground; which his son, Sir Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, increased by a grant that was made him out of Hyde Park. To the Earl's son and heir, Daniel, succeeded King William the Third, who bought the house and grounds of Daniel, and enlarged them both, the latter to the

extent of twenty-six acres. Anne added thirty acres; Queen Caroline, wife of George the Second, added three hundred; and the house, which had been growing all this time, was finally brought to its present size or appearance by the late Duke of Sussex, who added or rebuilt the rooms, with their still fresh-looking brickwork, that form the angle on the south-west.

No royal personage now lives in the Palace, unless we may so call the respected Duchess of Inverness, whom the Duke of Sussex, by the good sense and liberality of Queen Victoria, was allowed to marry morganatically, and who was presented, in consequence, with one of his Royal Highness's titles. The apartments not occupied by her Grace are in possession of various gentlemen and ladies, who formerly held office in the household, or under Government. There is one great defect in their accommodation. The house, nominally, possesses gardens that are miles in circumference; but these having become public every day in the week, which in the early times of the Georges was not the case, it has, in reality, to any sequestered purpose of enjoyment, no gardens at all, except at one corner.

The inmates must remain indoors, or walk in the public thoroughfare. Now a house without a garden is, to lovers of gardens, but a kind of prison; and however arboraceous the lookout may be from the Palace windows, or however welcome even the

sight of the passengers or promenaders may be to such of the persons indoors as are prevented from going out by illness or infirmity, this consideration of their condition is not pleasant to beholders. It is impossible not to wish their comfort completed; nor do we think such a thing impracticable, supposing they would prefer small shut-in gardens to none at all. There is room enough for very pleasant bowers in the spaces to the east and south, that are now grassed and railed in from the public path; nor would the look of the Palace be injured with the spectator, but rescued from its insipidity; garden walls with trees, by the help of a little taste in their construction, being capable of picturesqueness, and even of architectural elegance. Had enclosures of this kind existed in the times of such Ladies of the Bedchamber as Lady Suffolk, or the Duchess of Somerset, the occupants would have built capital summer-houses in them. Arbuthnot might have had a *berceau* or *pergola* in one of them, such as Le Sage delighted to walk up and down in, while composing his Gil Blas.

The Gardens, in the time of the Finches, consisted of little but the ground squaring with the north side of the Palace, laid out in the first formal and sombre style of our native gardening, and originating the still existing circle of yew trees, a disposition of things congenial with the owners. Heneage Finch, the Speaker, and his sons, the first and second Earls

of Nottingham, were all lawyers and statesmen ; and though a clever, and upon the whole a worthy, appear to have been a melancholy race. The first Earl suffered under a long depression of spirits before he died ; the second was a man of so atrabilarious a complexion, and such formal and dreary manners, that he was nicknamed Dismal ; and Dismal's son, from a like swarthy appearance, and the way in which he neglected his dress, was called the Chimney-sweep. Hanbury Williams, the reigning lampooner of the days of George the Second, designated the whole race as the 'black funereal Finches.'

These unusual 'Finches of the Grove,' made way for a kind of Jupiter's bird in the eagle-nosed, hawk-eyed, gaunt little William the Third ; a personage as formal and melancholy as themselves, though not so noisy (for Dismal, notwithstanding his formality, was a great talker) ; and under William, the Gardens, though they grew larger, did but exchange English formality for Dutch. The walks became longer and straighter, like canals ; the yews were retained and clipped ; there was, perhaps, a less number of flowers, comparatively ; for the English had always been fond of flowers, and the Dutch had not yet grown mad (commercially) for tulips ; in short, William the Third, with a natural love for his Dutch home, made the Palace and Gardens look as much like it as he could.

WILLIAM III. AS A BOY

And his court, for the most part, was as gloomy as the Gardens; for William was not fond of his new subjects; did not choose to converse with them; and was seldom visible but to his Dutch friends. Yet here were occasionally to be seen some of the liveliest wits and courtiers that have left a name in history, forsakers, indeed, of reserved and despotic King James, rather than enthusiasts for the equally reserved and hardly less power-loving King William, who had become, however, by the force of circumstances, the instrument for securing freedom. Here came the Earl of Dorset, Prior's friend, who had been one of the wits of the court of Charles the Second; Prior himself, who had stirred William's Dutch phlegm so agreeably as to be made one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber; Congreve, whose plays Queen Mary admired; Halifax, a minor wit, but no mean statesman; Sir William Temple, who combined public with private life to so high a degree of wisdom and elegance; Swift (probably) then a young man, whom Sir William made use of in his communications with the King; Burnet, the gossiping historian, sometimes wrong-headed, but generally right-hearted, whose officious zeal for the Revolution had made him a bishop; the Earl of Devonshire, whose nobler zeal had made him a duke, one of a family remarkable for their constant and happy combination of popular politics with all the graces of their rank; Lord Monmouth, afterwards the

famous, restless Earl of Peterborough, friend of Swift and Pope, conqueror of Spain, and lover, at the age of seventy, of Lady Suffolk; Sheffield, afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire, a minor wit and poet, in love with (the rank of) the Princess Anne; and last, not least, in anything but good-breeding, and a decent command over his passions, Peter the Great, semi-barbarian, the premature forcer of Russian pseudo-civilisation, who came to England in order to import the art of ship-building into his dominions in his own proper mechanical person, and out of the five months which he spent here passed a good many days out of one of them in interchanging visits with King William at Kensington. The Czar had a house looking on the water in York-Buildings, where, in entertaining one day his royal host (for William supplied him with house and everything else while in the kingdom), a favourite monkey leaped angrily upon the saturnine Dutchman, and produced so much confusion, that the visit was chiefly taken up in apologising for the animal's misbehaviour.

Peter seems to have dined frequently at Kensington; and it has been wondered how the two sovereigns got on so well together. But they had several predilections in common; among which were unpolished manners, a dislike (in consequence) of being seen in society, and a love of Dutch habits, particularly gin and brandy drinking, the gin being

chiefly on the King's side, and the brandy, as the greater stimulus, on the side of the Czar. Sometimes he put pepper into it. William took him from Kensington one day to the House of Lords, where the uncouth Russian, always shy of being seen, particularly by 'lords and gentlemen,' made the lords and King himself laugh by peeping strangely at them out of a window in the roof. He got the same kind of sight at the House of Commons; and even at a ball at Kensington, on the Princess Anne's birthday, he contrived to be invisibly present in a closet prepared for him on purpose, where he could see without being seen. This was the man who, when abroad, worked only in dockyards, and when in his own country, paraded himself on every possible occasion, serious or farcical. His virtues were at home only among workmen, and his vices among drunkards and executioners.

Another anecdote of Peter while in England must not be omitted, it is so applicable to the present time. He was one day, to his wrath and astonishment, shouldered aside in the street by a porter with so much violence, as to be thrown into the kennel. He was proceeding to take personal vengeance, when Lord Carmarthen (who had been appointed his bear-leader) judiciously prevailed on him to be quiet. His Lordship thought fit, at the same time, to give an angry rebuke to the porter, asking him if he did not know that 'this was the

"We are all Cæsars here."

Czar.' 'Czar!' cried the porter, who had the blood in him of the future heroes of Balaclava;— 'We are all Czars here.'

Though William, however, was not very visible in the Palace of Kensington after the ordinary fashion of sovereign residents, his memory, assisted by the Dutch fashion of the house and grounds, has left a strong impression of itself upon the place. Here, meditating his campaigns against James the Second and Louis the Fourteenth, or thinking what he should do to get enough power out of his grudging English Parliament, the sickly, asthmatic, but self-willed Dutchman was silent all day, and talkative at night with his countrymen over his bottle of Hollands.

At Hampton Court, where he went on Saturdays, and which place also he made as Dutch as he could, he hunted, and felt more at large; but here, at Kensington, when not at St James's, or in the wars, he was generally obliged to remain, for convenience of business; here his wife Mary, who, if of an unfortunate, was of a loving race, studied his every wish in vain, in hope to make him love her as much as he did his mistress, the Countess of Orkney, who squinted, but who, in Swift's opinion, was the 'wisest woman' the Dean ever knew; here Mary, however, did not waste away with her passion, for she grew fatter and fatter every day, like her sister Anne, till she became a 'sight'; here she died before

William died; and here the Anglo-Dutchman then discovered, or others discovered, from his sighs and faintings away, how fond he had been of her; here, lastly, he died himself, at the age of fifty-two, worn out with a life of mingled ambition, patriotism, irritability, anxiety, physical weakness, mental energy, and what, alas! was no proof of the energy, the aforesaid drink of his native country.

William was a great man, in a little, crazy body, which thus conspired to level him with the least. Some historians describe him as tall, but his contemporary and courtier, Prior, who could not have been mistaken on such a point, characterises him as

> 'Little Will, the scourge of France,
> No godhead, but the first of men.'

He could hardly be called the scourge of France. He was more of a thorn in her side than a scourge; for he worried and obstructed, rather than beat her. But he was a great man, nevertheless, and understood and secured the interests of Europe. Party rage accused him of sensuality and cold-heartedness, carried to excesses horrible to think of; one of which, the massacre at Glencoe, if he really knew the truth of the matter, which is still a question, would indeed afford damning proof of the enormities to which the doctrine of expediency could transport a man. The other charges would appear to be disproved by the affecting evidences which our latest

and best historian, Mr Macaulay, has brought of the interest which this saturnine-looking prince took in the innocent pleasures and domestic felicity of his particular friends and their families. Party fury seems to have forgotten, that a readiness to believe what is disgraceful, argues a disgraceful turn of mind in the believer.

The only distinct personal anecdote recorded of William the Third, in connection with Kensington, is of the kind just mentioned, and will remind the reader of similar paternal stories of Agesilaus and others.

A tap was heard, one day, at his closet door while his secretary was in attendance.

'Who is there?' said the king.

'Lord Buck,' answered the little voice of a child four years of age. It was Lord Buckhurst, the son of his Majesty's lord high chamberlain, the Earl of Dorset.

'And what does Lord Buck want?' returned William, opening the door.

'You to be a horse to my coach,' rejoined the little magnate. 'I've wanted you a long time.'

William smiled upon his little friend with an amiableness which the secretary had never before thought his countenance capable of expressing, and 'taking the string of the toy in his hand, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his playfellow was satisfied.'

The court and Gardens of Kensington were not livelier in Queen Anne's time than in that of King William. Anne, as we have seen at Campden House, was a dull woman with a dull husband. They had little to say for themselves; their greatest pleasures were in eating and drinking; the Queen was absurdly fond of etiquette; and as there was nothing to startle decorum in the court morals, the mistress in King William's time had given something of a livelier stir to the gossip. Swift describes Anne in a circle of twenty visitors as sitting with her fan in her mouth, saying about three words once a

minute to some that were near her, and then upon hearing that dinner was ready, going out. In the evening she played at cards; which, long before, and afterwards, was the usual court pastime at that hour.

She does not appear to have been fond of music, or pictures, or books, or anything but what administered to the commonest animal satisfactions, or which delivered her mind at all other times from its tendency to irresolution and tedium.

Addison and Steele might have been occasionally seen at her Kensington levees among the Whigs; and Swift, Prior, and Bolingbroke among the Tories. Marlborough would be there also; ever courtly and smiling, whether he was victorious as general and as the favourite Duchess's husband, or only bowing the more obsequiously, alas! for fear of losing his place and his perquisites. But the liveliest of all the royal scenes at this Palace, though confined to two persons, must have been that (had there been anybody to witness it) which closed the Duchess's reign.

The reader may imagine it as he goes along the Gardens, and looks up at its now tranquil apartments.

Sarah Jennings, afterwards Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough, who was the daughter of respectable but not rich parents, had entered upon a court life at an early age as one of the companions of Anne during the Princess's girlhood. The young lady, who, like Anne herself, was what is called a fine girl, but handsomer, an advantage which a flattered,

self-complacent princess was less likely to regard in that point of view than as an ornament to her establishment, possessed a flow of spirits, which her young mistress was equally glad to welcome, as a relief to her dulness.

The companion being politic and ambitious, and not having had the worst points of her character brought out by worldly greatness, filled the vacancy of the royal mind with amusement, saved it trouble by deciding for it in emergencies, and, in short, rendered herself so useful and delightful, that Anne, with the usual propensity of the Stuarts to favourites, conceived a sort of passionate friendship for her, as for a livelier self. She retained the fondness long after they were both married; was not content till difference of rank was abolished between them in private by the names of 'Mrs Morley and Mrs Freeman'; and did not perceive all this while, that she was converting a subservient playmate into a dictatorial scorner.

For years Anne laboured under a yoke which at length a new and humbler favourite, after many struggles, helped her to throw off; and what completed the amazement and fury of the Duchess at an event so unlooked for, was, that the supplanter, *Abigail* Hill (the very name was that of servitude), had been a creature of her own, and even a poor relation, that wretchedest of all creatures in the eyes of pride. The catastrophe, too, had been brought

SIR RICHARD STEELE

about by one of the Duchess's own mistakes; by a proposal emanating from herself; and which was precisely the kind of turning-point that suited the Queen's nature.

The Duchess had requested an interview—a proposition the most alarming conceivable to the poor Queen, on account of the advantage which her antagonist possessed in powers of tongue. She, therefore, parried it as long as possible, and would evidently have not assented at all, had not the Duchess extorted the permission by stratagem. Unfortunately, however, for her success, she had told the Queen in a letter which preceded it, that she only desired to be seen and be heard by her Majesty. There was no necessity, she said, for the Queen to answer. The Queen, in fact, had answered so many of her tormentor's letters in the negative, that the Duchess, not foreseeing what would be the consequence of this general preclusion of response in her Majesty's favour, was resolved to prevent further epistolary acknowledgment by following up her last letter in person. She says, in the foolish 'Account' which she gave to the world of her 'Conduct,' and which had the reverse effect of what she intended (which is the usual case with violent relaters of their own story):

'I followed this letter to Kensington, and by that means prevented the Queen's writing again to me, as she was preparing to do. The page who went

in to acquaint the Queen that I was come to wait upon her, stayed longer than usual; long enough, it is to be supposed, to give time to deliberate whether the favour of admission should be granted, and to settle the measure of behaviour if I were admitted. But, at last, he came out and told me I might go in.'

Poor Anne even now endeavoured to stop the coming torrent of words, by recommending the Duchess to put what she had to say in writing; but as this was the very thing over which the latter thought she had triumphed, she must have heard the proposal with contemptuous delight; and she proceeded accordingly to pour forth her complaints. The Queen, after intimating that lies no doubt were told on all sides, came to the beautiful resource which had unwillingly been furnished her, and said she would give the Duchess 'no answer.' The Duchess, astounded to find herself caught in her own trap, and taken at her word, declared, of course, that the phrase was not intended to imply what it did; but the Queen, she says, repeated it again and again, 'without ever receding.'

The Duchess protested that her only design was to clear herself. The Queen repeated over and over again, 'You desired no answer, and shall have none.'

The Duchess fell into 'great disorder,' and into floods of tears; but still the only return was: 'You desired no answer, and you shall have none.'

'I then begged to know, if her Majesty would tell me some other time?'

'You desired no answer, and you shall have none.'

'I then appealed to her Majesty again, if she did not herself know, etc. And whether she did not know me to be of a temper incapable of, etc., etc.'

'You desired no answer, and you shall have none.'

'This usage,' concludes the Duchess, 'was so severe, and these words, so often repeated, were so shocking, etc., that I could not conquer myself, but said the most disrespectful thing I ever spoke to the Queen in my life; and that was, that I was confident her Majesty would suffer for such an instance of inhumanity.'

The Queen answered, 'That will be to myself.'

'And thus ended,' says the Duchess, 'this remarkable conversation, the last I ever had with her Majesty.'

Exit the loud tongue of the Duchess of Marlborough; Abigail Hill, now Mrs Masham, has a good rejoicing chat with her mistress; and for the rest of Queen Anne's reign, Kensington Palace would seem to have been as dull and as quiet as the more advanced years of her Majesty could desire. Whigs and Tories, it is true, contended in it for possession of her favour; and the conflict is supposed to have embittered her last moments, which here took place; yet, at all events, there was no Duchess of Marlborough, and no noise.

QUEEN ANNE

And the outside was as dull as the in. Anne enlarged the Gardens, but she did not improve the style of the gardening. Addison, in a paper of the 'Spectator,' written during the last year but one of her reign, catching at the least glimpse of a variation, speaks with rapture of the conversion of a disused gravel-pit, which had been left remaining, into a cultivated dell; but it would seem as if this exploit on the part of the gardeners was rather in the hope of making the best of what they considered a bad thing, than intended as an advance towards something better; for they laid out the Queen's additional acres in the same formal style as King William's.

Long, straight gravel-walks, and clipped hedges, prevailed throughout, undiversified with the present mixture of freer-growing wood. An alcove or two, still existing, were added; and Anne exerted herself so far as to build a long kind of outhouse which still remains, and which she intended, it is said, for the balls and suppers which certainly took place in it; though we suspect, from the narrowness of its construction, it never was designed for anything but what it is, a green-house.

These most probably constituted all those 'elegancies of art,' with which a writer of the time gives her credit for improving the Gardens. Such, at any rate, was the case in the more public portions of them; and if the private ones enjoyed any others,

we may guess what they were, from Pope's banter of the horticultural fashions of the day, in a paper which he contributed to the 'Guardian' the year after the appearance of that of Addison's in the 'Spectator.' The following is a taste of them. The poet is giving a catalogue of plants that were to be disposed of by auction :—

'Adam and Eve, in Yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

'St George, in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April.

'An old Maid of Honour, in wormwood.

'A topping Ben Jonson, in laurel.

'A quick-set hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.'

The 'old Maid of Honour, in wormwood' might have told the little satirist, that he was an old bachelor in stinging-nettle.

Maids of Honour, we take it, have never been very famous for growing old. Their maiden state has generally passed into that of Ladies of the Bed-chamber, whether royal or otherwise. They were by no means in their sprightliest condition during the reign of Anne; and yet it is at Kensington in that day, that, for the first time since the reign of Charles the Second, we again meet with particular mention of the sisterhood.

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE institution of Maids of Honour, or something like it—great stars, or 'sparklers' (to use a term of that day), in this royal suburb of Kensington, must have been as ancient as that of wedded royalty; but, with the exception of some passages in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and Mary, Queen of Scots, they can hardly be said to have made their appearance in this country, till the times of Grammont and Mr Pepys. The first one of distinction that we meet with in English History,

is Philippa Roet, daughter of Sir Payne Roet, wife of our great poet Chaucer, and sister of Widow Katherine Swynford, who first became mistress, and afterwards wife, to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Katherine, who had been in the service of the Duke's first Duchess, had, perhaps, borne the title of Maid of Honour, as well as her sister; John of Gaunt having been titular King of Castile.

Courts, owing to the temptations they naturally create, and to the proportionate necessity of counteracting the temptations, are places either of strict decorums or of unusual licence. The titular king was probably less 'particular' in his court, than Edward the Third his father was (at that time) in his; and these two ladies may be said to shadow forth all the subsequent histories of maidens in the service of royalty. When we hear little or nothing of them, all goes well. The more their career becomes public, the less advantageous it is to their repute.

On the other hand, while some of the staidest reputations were probably undeserved, some of those the most shaken may have as little merited their ill fortune. We are not to take for granted, that the two out of the four Maids of Honour who had the misfortune to become wives of Henry the Eighth, deserved the imputations for which that disgusting mass of debauchery and brutality had the impudence to send them to the block. There

is reason to suspect, that the staidest-looking of the four, Jane Seymour, was the least worthy of them all, as being the most heartless; and there is evidence to prove, that the numerous Maries who became celebrated in the court of their namesake, Mary, Queen of Scots, were for the most part, if not altogether, more sinned against than sinning, in the censorious records of John Knox and others. Some of them, it is true, like Anne Bullen, had been bred in the court of France; and as no courts at that time had been paragons of propriety, ill constructions of the best of a set of lively damsels were easy; but some of Mary's maidens evinced so much good-heartedness towards her during her troubles, that to think the worst of them became a vice; and whatever privilege might have been assumed by 'Knocking Jack of the North' (as Swift called him), for calumniating all natures but his own, there remains a sharp reckoning to be come to by posterity with saints of his description, who beg all sorts of questions on the side of one kind of extreme, till they drive nations, out of melancholy desperation, into another.

We know not what assured evils would have resulted to Scotland, had Mary and her Maids of Honour been suffered to dance and play their guitars in peace; but it is certain that John Knox was the founder of the whiskey-shops.

We have little respect for 'gallantries,' as substitutes for love; very little indeed; almost as little as for the 'legalised prostitutions,' which so often drive people into them. But we respect, least of all, the inhuman superstitions, and their sottish consequences, which can desecrate gallantry itself, even in its lowest forms; which occasion all kinds of hypocrisy and evil-speaking; and give rise to successions of dull and melancholy generations, that ought never to have been born.

But we must take care how we digress into a history of Maids of Honour. Swift, or his friend Arbuthnot, proposed such a work, in the reign to which we have now arrived; and, with the tyranny too common to wits, he seems to have been surprised and displeased at finding the project not relished by its intended victims.

'Arbuthnot,' says he, in one of his letters to Stella, dated 17th September 1711, 'made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called a "History of the Maids of Honour, since Henry the Eighth"; showing how they make the best wives; with a list of all the Maids of Honour since, etc.; to pay a crown in hand, and t'other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in the common form of these things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known; and we sent it to the Maids of Honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good

court-jest; and the Queen will certainly have it.'

But, on the 5th of the month ensuing, he says, 'Mrs Forester' (one of the Maids; it was the custom in those days to call unmarried as well as married ladies, mistress) 'taxed me yesterday, about the "History of the Maids of Honour"; but I told her it was no jest of mine; for I found they did not relish it altogether well: and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute, Sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies, ever since I dined with him; (telling them) that I abused the Queen's meat and drink, and said nothing at the table was good, and all a d—d lie; for, after dinner, commending the wine, I said I thought it was something small.'

How this was 'commending' the wine, the Dean does not inform us. We hear nothing further of the proposed History; and little is known of her Majesty's Maids of Honour, except that they found the court tiresome, and their rides with the Queen fatiguing. Anne considered exercise imperatively necessary to her great dinners and suppers, and her chocolate on going to bed; and as her corpulence prevented recourse to horseback, she had a chaise invented for her with great safety-wheels, in which, after having secured her own life and limbs from danger, she went pelting like a female Nimrod after a poor stag, who was

thus to break his heart with fatigue and terror, in order to enable her Majesty to eat too much. For that is the object on such occasions. The plea is, health and a reasonable appetite; but the result is, just enough health to encourage repletion, and make fat fatter. A revolting spectacle must that great fat woman have been, scourging and driving after the poor panting stag.

It was not till the next reign, that the Maids of Honour came again into full bloom; and this was not due to George the First, who had left a divorced queen in Germany, but to his son, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second; whose wife, Caroline of Anspach, a sprightly woman herself, got a congenial set of young ladies about her, who are famous to this day.

George the First, Elector of Hanover, who succeeded to the throne of these kingdoms as the next Protestant heir of Anne's Popish relations, had parted with his queen in Germany (Sophia Dorothea, of Zell) and even contrived to lock her up for life, on an allegation, never proved, of her infidelity with Count Königsmark, brother of the Count Königsmark who assassinated Mr Thynne in the hope of depriving him of a wealthy bride.

George's own life meantime, and ever afterwards, with the usual injustice of his sex, was full of licence. He was a short, round-featured, ease-loving, selfish, dull man; not ill-natured, where he was not thwarted,

but capable otherwise of hating stubbornly enough, as he did in the instances both of his wife and his son; the latter, perhaps, for some supposed likeness to Königsmark, which was long a jest against the Hanover succession with the partisans of the house of Stuart. George could not speak English; never cared to learn it; cared, in fact, for nothing but his ease, and his German diversions;—that is to say, for his old habits, whatever they were; and fortunately for the English nation, he put its government, and its security from the Stuarts, into the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, who, if he was a corrupt minister in regard to money, certainly applied the corruption to the maintenance of the best interests of the country. George brought over two mistresses with him from Germany; one, the Duchess of Kendal, dismally thin; the other, the Countess of Darlington, overflowingly corpulent; both of them the scorn and jest of the nation, whom they fleeced in return. They were both also as dull as himself; and, lawless as they were, occasioned no sort of vivacity in the court. Before he died (which was not at Kensington, nor in England, but during one of his visits to Germany) George added to the seraglio which he is supposed to have gathered about him, an English damsel of the name of Brett, daughter of Savage's mother, the Countess of Macclesfield; and such a daughter, black-browed and bold, as such a mother might be supposed to

GEORGE I.

have given birth to. Establishments of this kind begun by the kings of France, had spread over Europe as a fashion and a matter of course; and thus acquired a sort of privileged allowance.

The unprincely, reserved, insignificant-looking Elector of Hanover was not fond of appearing before his new subjects. Kensington Gardens, therefore, remained with him as dull and limited as he found them; and his son, who was always at variance with him, appeared at the court there as little as he could help. Yet it is during the reign of George the First, that the fashionable promenades in the Gardens, which became so popular, and the last glittering skirts of which are still within the memories of old people, would seem to have first made their appearance. Caroline of Anspach, the Prince of Wales's consort, probably gave rise to them, when she came with her bevy of maidens to court. People would throng to see them; the ladies would take the opportunity of showing themselves in the walks; persons of fashion privileged to enter the Gardens, would avail themselves of the privilege; and at last the public would obtain admission, and the show be complete. The full promenade, it seems, was at first confined to Saturdays. It was afterwards changed to Sundays, and continued so till the custom went out with the closing days of George the Third.

But we must leave mistresses and Maids of Honour awhile.

The poets of the time now began to sing of Kensington Gardens; Addison's friend Tickell leading the way. His poem, indeed, under that title, though, like the court wine, it was 'something small,' had real merits of fancy and elegance, and by the help of a catholic taste, which rejects nothing that has flavour at all, may still be read with gratification. There is even a story in the poem, not destitute of invention, and so very local, that, before proceeding further, we are bound to give some account of it.

Tickell informs us, that in the earliest times of those princes who gave their name of Albion to this island, and who were descended on the mother's side from Neptune, the ground now occupied by Kensington Gardens contained the capital and the palace of the English Kingdom of the Fairies. The walks were their streets, full of such houses as fairies live in; and on the spot in which Queen Anne's gardeners made the dell which disappeared not long ago, stood the palace of the elfin King Oberon.

A prince of the human royal family is stolen in his infancy by one of these fairies, and kept down as much as possible to the standard of his new associates, by a diet of daisy-roots and dwarf elderberries. His nurse, however, cannot hinder him, as he grows up, from surpassing them in height to the amount of two inches; and this, and his other attractions, have such an effect on Kenna, a beautiful fairy princess, from whom the neighbouring town

is named, that they are inspired with a mutual passion. This they vow to one another under the shade of a tulip, at 'dead of day,' when they suppose all other fairies to be asleep; and Kenna has just sworn that she will never wed a prince of her own race, when King Oberon starts up by their side in a fury, summons a hundred of his attendants to drive away the mortal prince, and bids his despairing relative prepare to marry Azuriel, a fairy only less than royal, whose mansion stood on the site of the present Holland House.

A war now ensues between the elfin and the human royalties, the latter assisted by a fairy chief, jealous of Azuriel. Prince Albion (for the lover possessed the name of his line) invokes the aid of his dread ancestor Neptune, but not having the patience to wait for it, joins battle, and is slain. Neptune at this, overlooking the lover's fault in his misfortune, rouses himself in final indignation. His chariot shoots him from the sea into the Thames, in a roaring whirlwind. One stride on land brings him into 'Brumpton'; another passes the conquerors on the field of battle into their unsuspecting capital. The god thrusts his trident underneath their houses, raises the whole city on the fork of it, as he would a clod of earth, and, making a dreadful shadow of it as it descends on the horrified conquerors, mashes them and their empire for ever, at a blow.

Kenna, unable to restore Albion to life, changes him into a snowdrop, a flower which, Tickell informs the Botanists, first grew on the site of Kensington Gardens, and is sacred to 'virgins'; that is to say, to Maids of Honour. As to the Gardens themselves, they were the creation of the same loving fairy. She, at least, pleased, when a British monarch took possession of the place, to see the line of her lover's house reigning on the spot, suggested to the brain of Mr Wise, the gardener, in a morning dream, a topiary following out of the plan of the ancient city, in the disposition of his 'alleys green.' The walls and streets, in his hedges of yew, he

'Designs,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees—'

(here we catch a glimpse of the formality with which Mr Wise set to work)—

'The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant square;
He knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
He builds the city as he plants his greens.'

('Greens' was then a term for all sorts of plants, great as well as small.)

> 'With a sad pleasure the aerial maid
> This image of her ancient realm survey'd ;
> How changed ! how fall'n from its primæval pride !
> Yet here each moon, the hour her lover died,
> Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
> And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays
> Pleased in the shades to head her fairy train,
> And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.'

So to this day, to this very moment of the enlightened and utilitarian nineteenth century, and in spite, or rather in aid, of the effects of the utilitarian steam-carriages that shake the air at midnight in the Paddington and Surrey distances (for what can be more fairy-like and marvellous, if we consider their first causes, than those?), the eyes of the fancies of all such persons who choose to see them (and we confess our own to be of the number) may still behold the fairies, on moonlight nights, dancing their rounds in Kensington Gardens, with their faithful princess at their head, to the eternal honour of love, and the virgin snowdrops, and the reigning house of Albion. We think we see them now, while we are writing, gathering like fireflies among the trees; skimming like swallows over the pond in front of the Palace; careering like doves round the Palace roof; going in procession, like mourning widows, to the sound of a

feeble choir; gliding in a chain of whirling but grave-faced dancers with dishevelled hair; then, as if relieving themselves after those tragical reminiscences, imitating the graces and the follies that at different times have been developed by the events reigning in the Palace; coming down the Great Walk in a flood of hoops and other court-dresses (see the close of the chapter), in a style and with a blaze of colours that might have made the 'human mortals' die with envy; beating opera dancers in operatic dances, which end with whirring flights into the air like frightened coveys of birds; fantastically caricaturing (at least such among them as are

'The *pert* fairies and the *dapper* elves')

the absurdities of the Chesterfields, Horace Walpoles, Duchesses of Marlborough and Kingston, etc., or forcing the actual and reluctant ghosts of those worthies to do it themselves; pursuing the wretched spectre of Lord Hervey with pop-guns made of his own quills, and paper-pellets of his own pages, while the blushing shades of Queen Caroline, and her daughter Caroline, look and shake their heads at him; then turning themselves all at once for refreshment into living parterres and flower-beds of the most gorgeous description, that breathe forth delighted sighs of pink and sweet-briar; turning the winds into harmonies beyond Æolian lyres;

lighting the windows of the Palace on the birth-night of the Sovereign who was born there, with flame and colours beyond gas and jewellery; or forming themselves into figures of rose and lily, representing the letters of her name, and drawing it across the Palace front, till all the place is lit up with a radiance which is at once light and odour.

But we must have done; or semi-utilitarian readers who do not know what crowning use there is in uselessness, will think us really benighted.

To return, therefore, to flesh and blood—Tickell's poem commences with a picture of the early Kensington promenades, justly painted in chintz and damask.

'Where Kensington, high o'er the neighb'ring lands,
'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabrick, stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves, and lawns, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies:
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chintz, the rival of the showery bow.

'Here England's Daughter, darling of the land,

(Caroline above-mentioned, to wit)

Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd ;
Form'd to gain hearts that Brunswick cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side.'

Caroline was a fine-looking woman, with a red and white complexion, and popular manners. It was rather bold in the poet to call a foreign Princess of Wales, 'England's Daughter.' Could the 'father' have read the verses (for though he had inherited the English throne, the English language was unknown to him) he would have been anything but pleased with this ascription of his popularity to his son's wife ; for he included her so strongly in his dislike of that gentleman, that he was in the habit of calling her 'that devil, the Princess' ; or (to use the rhyming French formula, which somehow or other had got into his head), 'Cette diablesse, Madame la Princesse.'

The 'virgin band' over whom Caroline thus came towering along the Kensington walks, consisted of the snowdrops aforesaid, her Maids of Honour ; and these remain famous to the present moment in the pages of Pope, Gay, and others. The reader may see them all at once, and make their intimate acquaintance, in the 'Suffolk Correspondence,' where they laugh and talk as freely as they did *vivâ voce* ; and very startling to modern ears the talk sometimes is. They are not all in their maiden

state in the 'Correspondence.' Some have married; but none have lost their vivacity. There is Miss Hobart, the sweet-tempered and sincere (now become Mrs Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk); Miss Howe, the giddiest of the giddy (which she lived to lament); Margaret Bellenden, who vied in height with her royal mistress; the beautiful Mary Bellenden, her sister, who became Duchess of Argyle; Mary Lepell the lovely, who became Lady Hervey; and Anne Pitt, sister of the future Lord Chatham, whom we have seen in these pages before, 'as like him as two drops of fire.' Most of these ladies, with other promenaders of the day, may be seen personally coming forward as if down the walks, in Gay's 'Welcome (to Pope) from Greece':

'Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest;
Yea, peers and mighty dukes, with ribands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).

What lady's that to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? Ah, those are Wortley's eyes.

(Lady Mary Wortley Montague.)

How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends,
For she distinguishes the good and wise,
The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends

(This was afterwards the famous Lord Chief Justice);

Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well

(our reader's acquaintance, Lord Hervey, who could hardly have relished this equivocal compliment),

> With thee, Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell

(who, as we have just seen, became his wife. What Gay means, by calling her 'Youth's youngest daughter,' we never could make out; unless it was to imply, that young as she was, she was remarkable for the juvenility of her appearance),

> I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
> The fair-haired Martha, and Teresa brown

(Pope's two favourites, the Miss Blounts);

> Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land,
> And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
> Yonder I see the cheerful Duchess stand,
> For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known

(Gay's hearty friend, Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry, who is said to have retained her beauty for nearly a century),

> Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
> Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.
>
> See next, the decent Scudamore advance,
> With Winchelsea, still meditating song.

(Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea, a charming woman, and real poetess. She had been Maid of Honour, when Miss Kingsmill, to poor Mary Beatrice of Modena, Queen of James the Second).

With her, perhaps, Miss Howe came there by chance
Nor knows with whom, or why, she comes along.

(The giddy Miss Howe, above mentioned. This account of her is very characteristic.)

Far off from these see Santlow, famed for dance,
And frolic Bicknell, and her sister young

(Santlow was a dancer, and Bicknell an actress; both in repute);

With other names by me not to be named,
Much loved in private, not in public famed.

A variety of distinguished persons of the other sex then make their appearance: including Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire; the Earl of Burlington, famous for his taste; Prior, Congreve, Steele, Tickell, Arbuthnot, Young, Kneller, 'high-buskined Booth' (the tragic actor), etc.

Ned Blount advances next, with busy face,
In haste, but sauntering, hearty in his ways.

(This was the brother of the Miss Blounts, and is another happily characteristic portrait.)

Dartneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wondering Maine so fat, with laughing eyes;
Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear;
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size;'

(a pleasant climax of obesity. Cheney was the physician who got rid of his fat by taking to milk and vegetables.)

"With other names by me not to be named
much loved in private, not in public famed."

Addison, it is observable, is not mentioned in these lines addressed by Gay to Pope. He is omitted, because he was supposed to grudge Pope his success, and, perhaps, for a reason connected with Gay himself, which has been alluded to in our chapters on Holland House. But Addison must frequently have been in the Gardens. He watched their improvements: he was a great admirer of George the First; and the 'Spectator' shows what attention he paid to the moods and manners of the other sex. Swift, in a moment of spleen with that work, says he shall attend to it no longer, though Addison 'fair-sex it' as much as he pleases. The fans and furbelows in the Gardens, to use a phrase of that time, must have been 'prodigiously' on their good behaviour, whenever they saw Addison coming up the walks. Instead of Addison, we had written the 'Spectator'; but though most of the pages in the 'Spectator' were of his production, the 'Spectator' himself, in *propria persona*, was its originator, Steele: and Steele the ladies would not, comparatively, have cared for. They knew they had him too much at their command. 'Captain' Steele, coming up the walk, though far more acceptable as the admirer, was much less formidable as the censor.

Garth, also, would have been here, and Vanbrugh. Farquhar had died young, in the time of Anne. Even Voltaire might have been seen in the Gardens, paying compliments to his acquaintance, Miss Lepell,

VOL-
TAIRE.

who was of French origin; for he was in England during the reign of George the First (who patronised him); the future Queen Caroline busied herself in procuring subscriptions for his 'Henriade,' which was published on this side of the water; and it was not in the nature of any Frenchman, much less of a wit and poet, like Voltaire, to omit visiting a place of public resort, where pleasant intercourse was to be met with, and ladies to be admired. He could even have complimented them in their own language, had he found them coy as to speaking in his; for he made himself so well acquainted with English, that he wrote it in a book upon the nation, and, among other persons, addressed some English verses to the fair friend above-mentioned — then become Lady Hervey — which, for their neatness and finish, are not unworthy the compliments of a similar kind, which he was in the habit of pouring forth to his acquaintances. And the reader may see that the English is really his own, from the employment of the word *power* as a dissyllable; a thing rarely done by a native writer, and which certainly would never have been done in the place where it is put.

'Hervey, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover;
True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.'

There is no end, we confess, of supposing who might or might not have made their appearance in Kensington Gardens at some time or another; but we think it will be admitted that this hypothesis respecting Voltaire has every probability on its side. And full as much may be assumed respecting the most French of the French painters of that time (though he was a Fleming), Watteau—the glorifier of gardens *par excellence*, that is to say, of artificial gardens; of well-bred groves and glades, where the trimmer had been with his shears, and ladies and gentlemen assembled to play at shepherd and shepherdess in groups full of silk and embroidery—a Golden Age, after the pattern of the Regent, Duke of Orleans. Watteau, however, had a great deal of merit as an artist; was a companionable man; and painted the ideal of an actual state of things, such as it was—pleasant, on canvas, at all events, and not to be omitted in comprehensive galleries. Watteau came to England in order to consult Dr Mead on the state of his health; and he remained here a twelvemonth; but died on his return, still young. Kensington Gardens most unquestionably saw him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

GEORGE THE FIRST would seldom be visible in these promenades. George the Second, a man shorter than his short father, but smart, strutting, decided-looking, with higher features, and an under-hanging jaw, was fond of being seen; and in all probability not seldom paraded the Gardens, amidst avenues of bows and curtseys. Though by no means the conjurer for which he took himself, he was a less dull, though hardly better informed man than his father; had the same instinctive wisdom of self-security, which led to the putting and maintaining the government in the hands of Sir Robert Walpole; was nevertheless the same petty German autocrat, ruling, as far as he ruled at all, like a martinet and a barrack-master; thought men and women (according to the report of Lady Mary) born for nothing else, but to be 'kicked or kissed for his diversion'; and whenever one of the ladies gave him to understand that she differed with him on that point, he fancied that she only wanted an excuse for getting out of him a little of what he

valued above all things — money. He one day counted his guineas so often for this purpose, in the presence of Miss Bellenden, that she told him 'if he did it again, she should go out of the room.' He appears, on a subsequent occasion, to have done it again; upon which, the disgusted beauty gave a jerk to the rouleau that scattered the guineas about the floor, and ran off while he was picking them up.

George's strutting airs of dignity were but disguises of the want of it. Lady Deloraine, who was governess of his children, and at the same time supposed to be one of his mistresses, had her chair pulled from under her one evening at Kensington by the Princess Emily, as she was going to sit down to cards. Her Ladyship sprawled on the floor; and his dignified Majesty did not scruple to be very much diverted, and laugh. The Countess, in return, contrived without more ado to play him the same trick; and his dignity was so offended, that a rupture ensued between them, and she was forbidden the court.

George the Second, like his father, had two chief mistresses; one of them a German, of the name of Walmoden, whom he made Countess of Yarmouth; the other, the Countess of Suffolk beforementioned; both of them well-tempered, discreet women, who appear to have been as much the favourites of his sober hours, or more so, than of the impassioned moments for which credit was given

them. His chief passion had been for his wife; and Sir Robert Walpole showed a rare knowledge of a little-suspected, but no less certain corner in human nature, by discovering, that the wife retained an ascendency over the mistresses by setting her husband's pleasure above every other consideration, and so possessing his unbounded confidence. It was a curious instance of the sentiments of those times; at least, in courts; but Caroline of Anspach had been bred up in them, and she carried their toleration to an amount that was perhaps unequalled, especially among those who most availed themselves of the licence. This was the reverse of her own case, for she seems to have been as faithful as she was devoted; and her husband passionately said of her, after her death, that he had never loved any woman as he did her.

One of the proofs of Caroline's considering her husband's wishes above all things, was her going hunting with him in a chaise, like Queen Anne, though she was in a state of health which must have rendered it more painful to her *embonpoint*, than it was to that of the dull female Nimrod, her precursor. Another proof, still greater, was her putting her gout-swollen legs into cold water, in order to enable her to accompany her husband in his walks; a dangerous excess of conjugality, which, perhaps, helped to kill her. Caroline's enemies, including a false friend and servile worshipper, of whom

more anon, attributed all this self-denial to the desire of secretly ruling where she seemed to do nothing but to obey. How could they tell? or if they could tell in part, why was that kind of ascendency to be a vice in her, which a poet (no friend of hers) proclaimed to be a virtue in others, and which could never enter the head but of a loving or a generous nature, whatever were the faults of its breeding?

> 'Oh! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
> Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
> She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
> Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
> She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
> Or if she rules him, never shows she rules;
> Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
> Yet has her humour most when she obeys.'

There is a curious reference in a lampoon of the time, to Caroline's habit of walking with her husband, and her not being able to walk so fast, which as it has a relation to the Gardens before us, shall here be repeated. Swift, who was in opposition to the court, thought it very good; and it is not unamusing. 'The great river Euphrates' is the poor Serpentine, Caroline's creation out of ponds; and the King's repetitions of his words, 'Who be ye, who be ye? etc.,' looks like the origin of a personal peculiarity of his grandson, George the Third. The *jeu d'esprit* is headed: 'Supposed to be written on account of three gentlemen being seen in Kensington Gardens

GEORGE II.

by the King and Queen while they were walking.' It was thought to be the production of Pulteney or Chesterfield, Walpole's opponents; and two of the gentlemen were probably themselves, the third being Wyndham or Bolingbroke, also his opponents.

'Now it came to pass in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, in the eighth month, in the sixth year of the King, in the beginning of hay-harvest, that the King and Queen walked arm-in-arm in the gardens which they had planted on the banks of the river, the great river Euphrates; and, behold, there appeared on the sudden three men, sons of the giants; then Nebuchadnezzar, the King, lifted up his voice and cried: "Oh, men of war, who be ye, who be ye? and is it peace?" But they answered him not. Then spake he, and said: "There is treachery, oh my Queen, there is treachery"; and he turned his face and fled. Now when the Queen had seen what had befallen my Lord the King, she girt up her loins and fled also, crying, "Oh, my God!" So the King and Queen ran together; but the King outran her mightily; for he ran very swiftly, neither turned he to the right hand nor to the left, for he was sore afraid where no fear was, and fled when no man pursued.'

The amount of the fact, we suppose, was, that the King and Queen saw the three mortal enemies of their minister coming, one day, up the walk; and the King, in his impatience, not choosing to await

their salutations as they passed him, turned about: for Walpole at that time (it was in the year 1738) was in one of his most trying situations, and, not long afterwards, resigned.

We return to the pleasanter subject of the promenades. When the King and Queen appeared in them, their Majesties may have been accompanied by a whole bevy of Princesses, their daughters. Their brother Frederick, Prince of Wales, would, however, be seldom there, difference between father and son being hereditary amongst the Georges. The Kensington Garden promenades were popular throughout the whole of the three Georges' reigns, but flourished most, as far as names and fashions are concerned, in those of the first and second, beginning with the persons above mentioned and with the brocades and chintzes of Tickell's Poem, and terminating with the Miss Gunnings, Miss Chudleigh, Lady Townshend, Lord Chesterfield, Selwyn, Horace Walpole, and others. The space of time includes half-a-century; and Walpole, Lady Suffolk, Beau Nash, and Colley Cibber, lived through it all; the two last from a much earlier period, and Walpole into a much later one, down to the French Revolution. At the beginning of it, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, with the wits of the Kit-Cat club about her, may be considered as having been the reigning belle of the promenaders; to her succeeded the Bellendens and Lepells, with the same

wits grown older; then came Lady Townshend, with the new wits, Horace Walpole, Selwyn, Hanbury Williams, and others; and then crowds were alternately drawn by the 'Chudleigh' and the Miss Gunnings; the former, for the adventures related at the beginning of this work; the latter, for perfections of face and figure, which sometimes rendered the crush to get a sight at them positively dangerous. So, at least, it is said; and the reader may believe it, when he hears, that there seems to have been a contest among the nobility, who should obtain them for wives. They had no fortunes; but one married an earl, and the other two dukes in succession. Miss Chudleigh, also, as we have seen, had her earl and her duke. Both the Gunnings died young. One of them was the Countess of Coventry, on whom Mason wrote some of his best verses.

. . . . .

'Yes, Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion; ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair.

. . . . .

Whene'er with soft serenity she smiled,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!'

Mason, who was a bustling man, and became a court-chaplain, was probably often in the Gardens.

Not so his friend Gray, whose habits were recluse, and who soon tired of what is called the world. But there came Garrick to look after the fashionable dancer, Mademoiselle Violette, whom he married; there Cibber, before him, to study fops; and there, curiously enough, the sentimental Richardson, to study Cibber; whom he took for the type of a man of fashion. Richardson, with all his moral punctilio, and his inculcations to young ladies to keep at home, was a great walker in public places, and observer of pretty ankles. He says, that, in looking at a lady, he always began 'with the feet.' This seems odd in a worshipper of Clarissa Harlowe. It helps, however, to account for Lovelace.

The reader must fancy the Kensington Garden promenaders, during this long lapse of time, waxing and waning through almost all the vicissitudes of wigs, coats, cocked-hats, and hoop-petticoats; for, with the exception of the full-bottomed peruke of the second Charles and James, this was the great period of the reign of those habiliments. The gentlemen began with the full-bottomed peruke in the time of George the First; went into the various modes of bag-wigs, and bobs, and cocked-hats; and changed their coats from ugly to uglier, but all of the same stiff race, with narrow shoulders, and broad hips and skirts, their swords being retained to show that the narrow shoulders belonged to men. The short-tailed coat that was in ascendency

not long ago, with its wretched snipped horse-collar, was the worst and most degenerate offspring of these coats; for it was made as spare as possible, and had not even colour to speak of; whereas, its predecessors were at least ample in the skirts and sleeves, and the whole suit of clothes blazed out, whether in good taste or otherwise, in silks and velvets, in reds, greens, and gold lace. Colour was, at all events, respected, and dress not grudged its proper dimensions.

The ladies, of course, during all this half-century, and these Kensington promenades, outdid the gentlemen in the variety and novelty of their fashions. Their head-dresses rose and fell in all the fluctuations of piled-up and flowing hair; of ringlets, plain and powdered; of lappets, laces, ribbons, feathers, commodes, hoods, bonnets, and mob-caps. Their colours were of the brightest and most blooming kind. The fan was in constant requisition; and muffs increased from small to great. Morning dresses, indoors, might look a little too careless to modern eyes, as the names of sacks and negligées survive to testify. They might seem too much like bed-gowns; or, at least, gowns unlaced. And the bosom, in general, would be thought too much exposed. But the walking-dress, besides being more careful in that respect, showed an opposite extreme of tightness in the stays, while its skirts carried a weight of flounce and furbelow. Tory and Whig ladies, dur-

ing the disputes about the Hanover succession, patched at one another in beauty-spots, differently arranged; and the white rose of the Pretender was sometimes ventured in public, on the bosom of the fair partisan. But the great glory of the whole period, with the exception of a brief interval, was the hoop. This Spanish invention (for such it is supposed to have been, and which originated perhaps in some royal dropsy, or other reason, best known to the inventor) is said to have been first copied by the court of France, in the time of Francis the First. It began there with the fardingales, which gradually swelled into the 'wheel,' big 'drum,' or sort of 'go-cart'; but in England it seems to have burst forth at once into all its bloom about the year 1708, during the reign of Anne; and it waxed and waned afterwards, in proportion as general adoption rendered the vicissitude necessary to the exclusives. The 'Tatler' immediately took notice of it, in papers full of pleasant astonishment; and Pope assigned its 'important charge,' and 'wide circumference,' to twenty of his guardian spirits in the 'Rape of the Lock'; who, besides the circumventions of the designing, were to save it from the aspersions of tea and coffee—

'Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.'

The hoop is considered the most monstrous enormity that ever made its appearance in the world of

fashion. We confess we cannot think so. We think the notion originates in a mistake;—in a confusion of ideas; and that the monstrosity was confined to its minor phases;—to the drum, the go-cart, and the pair of panniers; which last was the form of it that prevailed towards the close of the reign of George the Third; and, under which, it finally went out in that of his son (for the hoop lasted a good hundred years in England): and even the panniers, we think, were by no means at their worst, when they were at their biggest. For the philosophy of the matter (to use a fine modern phrase) we take to be this. The hoop, like any other habiliment, was only ugly inasmuch as it interfered with the mind's idea of the body's shape. It was ugly, when it made the hips appear dislocated, the body swollen, the gait unnatural; in other words, as long as it suggested the idea of some actual deformity, and might have been considered as made to suit it.

But when it was large, and the swell of it hung at a proper distance from the person, it became, not an habiliment, but an enclosure. The person stood aloof from it, and was imagined to do so. The lady, like a goddess, was half concealed in a hemisphere; out of which the rest of her person rose, like Venus out of the billows. When she moved, and the hoop was of proper length as well as breadth, she did not walk;—her steps were not visible;—she was borne along; she was wafted;

So issued the Wortley Montagues, the Coventrys, and the Harveys, out of their Sedans.

came gliding. So issued the Wortley Montagues, the Coventrys, and the Harveys, out of their sedans; and came radiant with admirations of beholders, through avenues of them at palace doors. Thus, poor Marie Antoinette came, during the height of her bloom and ascendency, through arrays, on either side, of guards and adorers; and swept along with her the eyes and the reformations of Mr Burke.

Therefore, we do not at all wonder at the enthusiasm of Thomson in his juvenile days, when he wrote the verses on Beauty:

> 'One thing I mind—a spreading hoop she wore,
> Than nothing which adorns a lady more.
> With equal rage could I its beauties sing,
> I'd, with the hoop, make all Parnassus ring.
>
> . . . . .
>
> With ladies there my ravish'd eyes did meet,
> That oft I've seen grace fair Edina's street,
> When their broad hoops cut through the willing air,
> Pleased to give place unto the lovely fair.'

He thought High Street, Edinburgh, heaven itself, while the hoops were thus ethereally making their way:

> 'Sure this is like those blissful seats above,
> Where all is peace, transporting joy, and love.'

And again, in some verses written expressly 'On the Hoop.' Its appearance, it seems, in the Scottish capital, was not equally welcome to all parties. There were grave elders, whose imagina-

tions beheld more danger in it than was conceivable by the juvenile poet. He grows angry, calls them hypocrites, and vindicates the innocence of the beloved enormity in a pleasant strain of mingled indignation, humour, and weak versification. There is one capital line, however, about the Quakers:

'The hoop, the darling, justly, of the fair,
Of every generous swain deserves the care.
It is unmanly to desert the weak;
'Twould urge a stone, if possible, to speak,
To hear staunch hypocrites bawl out, and cry
"This hoop's a (wanton) garb; fie, ladies, fie?"
O cruel and audacious man, to blast
The fame of ladies more than vestals chaste!
Should you go search the globe throughout,*
None will you find so pious and devout,
So modest, chaste, so handsome, and so fair,
As our dear Caledonian ladies are.
When awful beauty puts on all her charms,
Nought gives our sex such terrible alarms,
As when the hoop and tartan both combine
To make a virgin like a goddess shine.
Let Quakers cut their clothes unto the quick,
And with severities themselves afflict,
But may the hoop adorn Edina's Street,
Till the South Pole shall with the Northern meet.'

Thomson's countryman, Allan Ramsay, was equally zealous in behalf of hoops and tartans. He has even a good word to say for patches:

* A foot has been dropped out of this verse.

"A dozen sail of the line (of beauty)"

'In your opinion, nothing matches,
O horrid sin! the crime of patches!
'Tis false, ye clowns. I'll make 't appear,
The glorious sun does patches wear;
Yea, run through every frame of nature,
You'll find a patch for every creature;
E'en you yourselves, ye blacken'd wretches,
To Heliconians are the patches.'

Milton likens Dalila full dressed, to a ship in full sail:

'With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving.'

But Dalila must have been dressed after Eastern fashion, which was rather draped than swelling; more turbaned or hooded, than topped with ribbons. What could he have said, had he seen his image of the ship enlarged and made out after true naval fashion, by the swelling hoop, the air-catching fan, the solid, mast-like stomacher, re-ascending in the pillar of the throat, and the 'streamers waving in the wind,' of ribbons *à la Fontange?*

Imagine a squadron of them,—a dozen sail of the line (of beauty),—headed by Admiral the Lady Mary, or my Lady Hervey, supported by Captains Mrs Hewet and Mrs Murray, or Commanders the Demoiselles Bellenden and Lepell. They are all coming up the great high roadstead of Kensington Gardens, between Bayswater and the town; the gentlemen-beholders dying by hundreds in their swords and perriwigs, with their hats under their

arms; and the ladies who have not been to court that day, feeling envious of the slaughter. Their sails are not mere white or brown: they are of all the colours of the rainbow, varied with gold and silver; and Pope, who is looking from one of the Palace windows with Dr Mead, sees the spirits of his 'Rape of the Lock' filliping the jewels in their ears, to make them tremble in the sun.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

MEANTIME, alas! matters may not be going on so pleasantly in the interior of the Palace. We take them, in ordinary, to have been like the matters in most houses; a mixture of sweet and sour, of insipidity and vivacity, of love, and dispute, and gossiping, and a predominance of good or ill according as the most amiable or unamiable person has the ascendency of the hour. But in those days, and in the innermost rooms of that house, flourished a certain Lord of the Bedchamber, called Hervey, who held the office of secret purveyor of news, gossip, and flattery, to the Queen and Princesses; and it pleased this purveyor, who was a gentleman of so ill a habit of body as to be forced to live on chicken and milk-and-water, to keep a record of what he saw daily going on round about him, in the house—especially of what was not flattering to anybody, foe or friend—and to 'pot it up,' with a secrecy beyond his office, for the benefit of posterity. Posterity has been in the habit of thinking, that a description which Pope

wrote of this Lord Hervey was unpardonably severe; and we, for one, were of the same opinion.

The record, from feelings of family delicacy, transpired only six years ago. It is entitled, 'Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession, to the death of Queen Caroline'; and though still in a mutilated state, owing to the like feelings, posterity has begun to entertain considerable doubts, whether Pope's description, at least as far as the gossiping went, was not perfectly just.

Pope calls Hervey an insect, annoying the witty and the fair with his buzz; a reptile, who

> 'At the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
> Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad'

in lying, tale-bearing, and spite (Eve is Queen Caroline); an effeminate, 'amphibious thing,'

> 'That, acting either part,
> The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
> Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
> Now trips, a lady, and now struts, a lord.
> Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,
> A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
> Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
> Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.'

Lord Hervey, assisted by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, with whom Pope had quarrelled, endeavoured to retaliate: but the joint noble wits could not satirise like the son of the linen-draper. Among

other things which they thought very severe, they said of his verses, that they were

'Hard as his heart, and as his birth obscure';

which, besides the glaring falsehood, was an anti-climax of the most absurd description, and only served to show the meanness into which aristocratical pride could fall. Pope, however, on his part, was not magnanimous enough to let the blow pass without retaliation.

The secret of excessive personal severity, where parties have been acquainted, is generally to be found in mortified self-love. Lady Mary had wounded that of the infirm little poet, in its tenderest point: Hervey, we doubt not, had talked of Pope to Queen Caroline; and with this caution, both against the court gossip and his assailant, we proceed to extract some notable passages from the 'Memoirs,' respecting the life led in Kensington Palace by the royal persons who admitted Hervey into their confidence, and to whom, besides daily bowing to and flattering them, he of course took care never to intimate, in the remotest degree, what things he meant to leave on record about them, when they were dead and gone.

The reader will see that the passages increase in interest at every step.

'Sir Robert Walpole (according to Hervey) told him, that the King one day, at Kensington, shut

himself up in a closet, leaving the door ajar, in order that he might overhear a conversation between Sir Robert and the Queen.'

'In the absence of the King (at Hanover) the Queen had taken several very bad pictures out of the great drawing-room at Kensington, and put very good ones in their places: the King affecting, for the sake of contradiction, to dislike this change, or, from his extreme ignorance in painting, really disapproving it, told Lord Hervey, as Vice-Chamberlain, that he would have every new picture taken away, and every old one replaced. Lord Hervey, who had a mind to make his court to the Queen by opposing this order, asked if his Majesty would not give leave for the two Vandykes, at least, on each side of the chimney to remain, instead of those two sign-posts, done by nobody knew who, that had been removed to make way for them. To which the King answered, "My Lord, I have a great respect for your taste in what you understand, but in pictures I beg leave to follow my own; I suppose you assisted the Queen with your fine advice when she was pulling my house to pieces, and spoiling all my furniture; thank God, at least she has left the walls standing! As for the Vandykes, I do not care whether they are changed or not; but for the picture with the dirty frame over the door, and the three nasty little children, I will have them taken away, and the old ones restored; I will have it done to-morrow

morning before I go to London, or else I know it will not be done at all."

'"Would your Majesty," said Lord Hervey, "have the gigantic fat Venus restored too?"

'"Yes, my Lord; I am not so nice as your Lordship. I like my fat Venus, much better than anything you have given me instead of her."'*

Lord Hervey thought, though he did not dare to say, that, if his Majesty had liked his fat Venus as well as he used to do, there would have been none of these disputations. However, finding his jokes on this occasion were as little tasted as his reasonings approved, and that the King, as usual, grew more warm and peremptory on everything that was said to cool and alter him, his Lordship was forced to make a serious bow; and though he knew the fat Venus was at Windsor, some of the other pictures at Hampton Court, and all the frames of the removed pictures cut or enlarged to fit their successors, he assured his Majesty that everything should be done without fail, next morning, just as he had ordered.

'Lord Hervey told the Queen next morning, at breakfast, what had passed the night before; who affected to laugh, but was a good deal displeased, and more ashamed. She said, "The King, to be sure, was master of his own furniture"; and asked

* This innuendo would seem to charge Lord Hervey with being one of the procurers of mistresses for his Majesty.

Lord Hervey if the pictures were changed; who told her, no, and why it was impossible they should. She charged him not to tell the King why, but to find out some other reason. Whilst they were speaking, the King came in, but, by good luck, said not one word of the pictures; his Majesty stayed about five minutes in the gallery; snubbed the Queen, who was drinking chocolate, for being always stuffing; the Princess Emily for not hearing him; the Princess Caroline for being grown fat; the Duke of Cumberland for standing awkwardly; Lord Hervey for not knowing what relation the Prince of Sultzbach was to the Elector Palatine; and then carried the Queen to walk, and be re-snubbed, in the garden.

. . . . . .

'When the Queen declared she intended to stay at Kensington till the King came back (from another of his visits to Hanover), the Prince (of Wales, Frederick, father of George the Third), who had a mind to go to London for the same reason that the Queen avoided it, which was, because he thought his Majesty would dislike it, told the Queen, his expenses at Kensington were so great, and his lodgings there were so damp, that he intended to remove to London; and would fain have drawn her in, either to consent to this design, or to lay her commands upon him not to put it into execution; but he could bring neither of these things about—she declined both.' . . . The Prince, therefore,

'made Kensington his *séjour principal* (as he called it), for the rest of the time the court stayed at Kensington; that is, he left the Princess's Maids of Honour and some of the male servants constantly there; but the Princess and he seldom lay there above one or two nights in the week.'

What sort of visitor this young man was considered by the family, may be supposed, from the dismal fact, that he was hated by every one of them, father and mother not excepted. His sisters openly avowed their contempt for him: the King pronounced him a 'puppy,' 'fool,' and 'scoundrel': and the Queen 'cursed the hour in which he was born.' Even the good-natured minister described him as a 'poor, weak, irresolute, false, lying, dishonest, contemptible wretch.' Unfeeling levity appears to have been the main point of his character. It is the expression of his face in his portraits. One of his modes of annoying his mother at Kensington, was by coming too late to chapel, and making his wife, instead of entering by another door, squeeze to her seat, between the Queen and her Majesty's prayer-book. He afterwards, for similar spiteful reasons, hazarded his wife's existence by bringing her from Hampton Court to St James's almost in the very instant of child-birth.

Looking out, one day, from a window in Kensington Palace, and seeing title-hunting Bubb Doddington go by, he said, 'That man is reckoned one of the

most sensible men in England; and yet, with all his cleverness, I have just nicked him out of £5000.'

Traits like these made his parents call to mind what an honest governor said of him when he was a boy. The governor complained of some tricks which he had been playing; the mother, not seeing what such conduct foreshadowed, said, good-naturedly, 'Ah, those are pages' tricks, I conceive.' 'Pages' tricks!' cried the governor; 'I wish to God, madam, they were. They are tricks of lacqueys and rascals.'

The nicker of Bubb Doddington nicked himself, at the age of forty-nine, out of life and a throne, by putting on a thin dress during cold weather, because he felt himself hot with a pleurisy!

If Pope, who had been introduced to this Prince, and who took his part against his mother, had but seen these and other notices of him, the truth of which is now admitted by everybody, he never would have said a word against the poor Queen, even though he himself had been more injured in her estimation by Hervey's venom, than we have no doubt he was.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

LORD HERVEY, for the amusement of the Queen, and for the recommendation of himself at the expense of others, wrote a little Kensington drama, called 'The Death of Lord Hervey, or a Morning at Court.' We extract from it two or three lively passages, relating to a breakfast, a divine service, and a levee; because in the one, the reader will find himself in company with Queen Caroline, under circumstances characteristic of her manners towards those about her; in the second, a very candid exhibition is made of her indifference for court chaplains; and in the third, he will see what the royal talk on court-days must, to a certain extent, of necessity, be. Hervey takes insidious advantage of the favour he was in with her Majesty; whose willingness to think the best of her gossiping Lord of the Bedchamber would not have been so amused with the thing as she was, could she have seen the Memoir in which she has been preserved for posterity. The simultaneous emphasis with which she divides her emotions between the news of a friend's death and the

delights of a cup of chocolate, and the sarcasms which plentifully acidulate the sweets of her obliging inquiries round the court circle, would have come out with stronger and more suspicious effect.

The tragical exclamation of Princess Caroline, when she first hears of the supposed death, and the striking circumstance of her twisting off the thumbs of her gloves, are meant to imply the love which this poor girl, the most amiable of the family, is said to have entertained for the unworthy biographer. How he could have alluded to it at all, as a gentleman, especially through such a medium as a court effusion like this, written for the purpose of entertaining her mother, and which everybody would read 'confidentially' whom his vanity could get to do so, must be inconceivable at the British court of the year 1855.

We have added translations of the French passages between brackets, not 'for the benefit of the country gentlemen,' as the phrase used to run (for country gentlemen, except, perhaps, in sporting instances, are now, we believe, pretty much on a par with others in such matters), but for the benefit of that large addition to the class of readers, qualified to enjoy what they read, which has been made of late years without a commensurate increase of education.

TALK AT QUEEN CAROLINE'S BREAKFAST-TABLE

ACT ONE

SCENE. *The Queen's Gallery. The time, Nine in the Morning.*

Enter the QUEEN, PRINCESS EMILY, PRINCESS CAROLINE, *followed by* LORD LIFFORD *and* MRS PURCEL.

QUEEN.

Mon Dieu, quelle chaleur! En vérité on étouffe. [My God, what a heat! It's positively stifling.] Pray open a little those windows.

LORD LIFFORD.

Hasa your Majesty heara de news?*

* This English Lord, who cannot speak English properly, was a naturalised Frenchman.

QUEEN.

What news, my dear Lord?

LORD LIFFORD.

Dat my Lord Hervey, as he was coming last night to tone, was robbed and murdered by highwaymen, and tron in a ditch.

PRINCESS CAROLINE.

Eh! grand Dieu! [Great God!]

QUEEN [*striking her hand upon her knee.*]

Comment, est il véritablement mort? [Do you mean to tell us he's actually dead?] Purcel, my angel, shall I not have a little breakfast?

MRS PURCEL.

What would your Majesty please to have?*

QUEEN.

A little chocolate, my soul, if you give me leave; and a little sour cream, and some fruit?

[*Exit* MRS PURCEL.

QUEEN [*to* LORD LIFFORD].

Eh! bien, my Lord Lifford, dites nous un peu comment cela est arrivé. [Well, my Lord Lifford, pray let us understand a little how this occurred.] I cannot imagine what he had to do, to be putting

* Here is an involuntary line of verse, anticipating one identically the same in the burletta of 'Tom Thumb.'

his nose there. Seulement pour un sot voyage avec ce petit mousse—eh bien? [All for the pleasure of taking a foolish trip with his little powder-monkey, eh?]*

LORD LIFFORD.

Madame, on sçait quelque chose de cela de Monsieur Maran, qui d'abord qu'il a vu les voleurs, s'est enfui et venu à grand galoppe à Londres. [The news comes from Monsieur Maran, madam, who, as soon as he saw the thieves, galloped off as fast as he could to London.] And after dat a waggoner take up the body, and put it in his cart.

QUEEN [*to* PRINCESS EMILY].

Are you not ashamed, Amalie, to laugh?

PRINCESS EMILY.

I only laughed at the cart, mamma.

QUEEN.

Ah! that is a very fade plaisanterie [poor jest].

PRINCESS EMILY.

But if I may say it, mamma, I am not very sorry.

QUEEN.

Ah! fie donc! Eh bien! my Lord Lifford! My God, where is this chocolate, Purcel?

* One of Lord Hervey's boys, who was going to sea as a midshipman.

Re-enter MRS PURCEL *with the chocolate and fruit.*

QUEEN [*to* MRS PURCEL].

Well, I am sure Purcel, now, is very sorry for my Lord Hervey. Have you heard it?

MRS PURCEL.

Yes, Madam; and I am always sorry when your Majesty loses anything that entertains you.

QUEEN.

Look you there, now, Amalie; I swear, now, Purcel is a thousand times better as you.*

PRINCESS EMILY.

I did not say I was not sorry for mamma; but I am not sorry for him.

QUEEN.

And why not?

PRINCESS EMILY.

What, for that creature?

PRINCESS CAROLINE.

I cannot imagine why one should not be sorry for him. I think it very *dure* [unfeeling] not to be sorry for him. I own he used to laugh *mal-à-propos* sometimes, but he was mightily mended; and for people

* It would appear, from this passage, that the Queen's English occasionally presented a remarkable contrast to that which she spoke in general.

that were civil to him, he was always ready to do anything to oblige them; and, for my part, I am sorry, I assure. [Is this a foreign slip for 'am sure'?]

PRINCESS EMILY.

Mamma, Caroline is *duchtich*;* for my part, I cannot *paroître* [seem to feel what I don't].

QUEEN.

Ah! ah! You can *paroître* and be *duchtich* very well sometimes; but this is no *paroître*; and I think you are very great brute. I swear, now, he was very good, poor my Lord Hervey; and with people's lives that is no jest. My dear Purcel, this is the nastiest fruit I have ever tasted; is there none of the Duke of Newcastle's? or that old fool Johnstone's? *Il étoit bien joli quelquefois.* [He was very pleasant sometimes], my Lord Hervey; was he not, Lifford?

LORD LIFFORD [*taking snuff*].

Ees, endèd he was ver pretty company, sometimes.

PRINCESS EMILY *shrugs her shoulders and laughs again.*

QUEEN [*to* PRINCESS EMILY].

If you did not think him company, I am sorry for your taste. [*To* PRINCESS CAROLINE]. My God,

* Disingenuous? double-meaning? I have applied to German scholars respecting this word, which is not familiar to them.

Caroline, you will twist off the thumbs of your gloves. Mais, my Lord Lifford, qui vous ça conté tout a des voleurs, du ditch et des wagoners? [But, Lord Lifford, who told you all about the thieves, and the ditch, and the waggoners?]

LORD LIFFORD.

I have heard it at St James's, et tout le monde en parle [all the world is talking about it].

QUEEN [*to* MRS PURCEL].

Have you sent, Purcel, to Vickers, about my clothes?

MRS PURCEL.

He is here, if your Majesty pleases to see the stuffs.

QUEEN.

No, my angel, I must write now. Adieu, adieu, adieu, my Lord Lifford.

QUEEN *and the two* PRINCESSES *alone.*

QUEEN.

Mais, diable, Amalie! pourquoi est-ce que vous voulez faire croire à tout le monde que vous êtes dure comme cette table? [*Strikes the table with her hand.*] [Why the deuce, Emily, must you be so fond of making people believe that your heart is as hard as this table?]

PRINCESS EMILY.

En vérité, mama, je n'ai jamais fait semblant de l'aimer pendant qu'il était en vie, et je ne sçais pas pourquoi donc je devrois faire semblant de le pleurer à cette heure qu'il est mort. [To say the truth, mamma, I never pretended to love him while he was living, and I don't see why I am to make a show of weeping for him, now that he is dead.]

QUEEN.

Ah! psha; n'y a-t-il point de différence entre pleurer les gens, et rire de leur malheur? Outre cela vous aviez grandissime tort, même quand il étoit en vie; car il s'est comporté envers vous avec beaucoup de respect; et jamais je crois a-t-il dit le moindre impertinence sur votre sujet. [Nonsense. Is there no difference between weeping for people, and laughing at their misfortunes? Besides, you did him great wrong while he was with us; for he always conducted himself personally towards you with a great deal of respect, and I don't believe he ever uttered a syllable about you in a different spirit.]

PRINCESS EMILY.

Pour moi, je crois qu'il en a dit cent milles. [I do: thousands.]

QUEEN.

Vous faites fort bien de dire que vous le croyez, pour vous excuser. [Ah, you say that to excuse yourself.]

PRINCESS CAROLINE.

Pour moi, je ne le crois pas: je ne dis pas que la Emilie n'a pas raison de le croire; parce qu'il y a mille gens qui pensent faire leur cour, en disant qu'ils l'ont entendu parler impertinement; mais je n'ais jamais entendu de ces choses dans son stile, et je connais son stile; et, outre cela, il m'a paru s'être fait une règle de ne le point faire. [I don't believe he did anything of the sort. I don't say that Emily may have no reasons for thinking otherwise; for there are heaps of people who tell stories of that kind by way of making court. But I never met with any such stories that bore the mark of his style: and I know his style. Besides, he always appeared to me to act upon a positive system of the reverse.]

QUEEN.

Eh bien! adieu, mes chères enfans; il est tard. Dites un peu, en passant, que la Mailbone soit prête. [Well, goodbye, my dear children: it's getting late. Just hasten Mailbone as you go.] *Exeunt.*

The duplicity within duplicity of this passage respecting Princess Emily is remarkable. Its object is to pay respectful court to the Princess, and at the same time, to put her in the wrong and himself in the right with third parties, without leaving her any fault to find with the tone of his vindication.

Now compare what he here says of her, with the following passage in his Memoirs, which was written in the same year as the drama.

'The Queen used to speak to Lord Hervey on this subject with as little reserve when the Princess Caroline was present as when alone; but never before the Princess Emily, who had managed her affairs so well, as to have lost entirely the confidence of her mother, without having obtained the friendship of her brother. By trying to make her court by turns to both, she had by turns betrayed both, and at last lost both.

'Princess Emily had much the least sense, except her brother, of the family, but had for two years much the prettiest person. She was lively, false, and a great liar; did many ill offices to people, and no good ones; and, for want of prudence, said as many shocking things to their faces, as for want of good-nature or truth she said disagreeable ones behind their backs. She had as many enemies as acquaintances, for nobody knew her without disliking her.

'Lord Hervey was very ill with her: she had first used him ill, to flatter her brother, which of course had made him not use her very well; and the preference on every occasion he gave her sister, the Princess Caroline, completed their mutual dislike.'

Take also the following incident, though it occurred at St James's, and not at Kensington.

'One night whilst the Queen was ill, as he (the King) was sitting in his night-gown and night-cap in a great chair, with his legs upon a stool, and nobody in the room with him but the Princess Emily, who lay upon a couch, and Lord Hervey, who sat by the fire, he talked in this strain of his own courage in the storm and his illness, till the Princess Emily, as Lord Hervey thought, fell fast asleep, whilst Lord Hervey, as tired as he was of the present conversation and this last week's watching, was left alone to act civil auditor and adroit courtier, to applaud what he heard, and every now and then to ask such proper questions as led the King into giving some more particular detail of his own magnanimity. The King, turning towards Princess Emily, and seeing her eyes shut, cried,

'"Poor good child! her duty, affection, and attendance on her mother have quite exhausted her spirits."'

'And soon after he went into the Queen's room.

'As soon as his back was turned, Princess Emily started up, and said,

'"Is he gone? How tiresome he is!"

'Lord Hervey, who had no mind to trust her Royal Highness with his singing her father's praises in duetto with her, replied only,

'"I thought your Royal Highness had been asleep."

'"No," said the Princess Emily; "I only shut my eyes that I might not join in the *ennuyant* conversation, and wish I could have shut my ears too. In the first place, I am sick to death of hearing of his great courage every day of my life; in the next place, one thinks now of mamma, and not of him. Who cares for his old storm? I believe, too, it is a great lie, and that he was as much afraid as I should have been, for all what he says now; and as to his not being afraid when he was ill, I know that is a lie, for I saw him, and I heard all his sighs and his groans, when he was in no more danger than I am at this moment. He was talking, too, for ever of dying, and that he was sure he should not recover."

'All this, considering the kind things which she had heard the King say the minute before, when he imagined her asleep, Lord Hervey thought a pretty extraordinary return for her to make for that paternal goodness, or would have thought it so in anybody but her; and looked upon this openness to him, whom she did not love, yet less to be accounted for, unless he could have imagined it was to draw him in to echo her, and then to relate what he had said, as if he had said it unaccompanied.

'Whilst she was going on with the panegyric on the King which I have related, the King returned; upon which she began to rub her eyes as if she had

at that instant raised her head from her pillows, and said:

'"I have really slept very heartily. How long has papa been out of the room?"'

ACT TWO.

Scene.—The QUEEN'S *dressing-room. The* QUEEN *is discovered at her toilet, cleaning her teeth;* MRS PURCEL *dressing her Majesty's head; the* PRINCESSES, LADY PEMBROKE, *and* LADY BURLINGTON, LADIES OF THE BEDCHAMBER, *and* LADY SUNDON, WOMAN OF THE BEDCHAMBER, *standing round. Morning prayers saying in the next room.*

First PARSON [*behind the scenes*].

'From pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness—'

Second PARSON.

'Good Lord, deliver us!'

QUEEN.

I pray, my good Lady Sundon, shut a little that door; those creatures pray so loud, one cannot hear oneself speak [LADY SUNDON *goes to shut the door*]. So, so; not quite so much; leave it enough open for those parsons to think we may hear, and enough shut that we may not hear quite so much.

The Queen's indifference to religious offices of this kind, and to clergymen in general as men of a profession, did not extend to those among them whom she thought sincere, and whose abilities she admired. On the contrary, she took a conspicuous interest in the conversation of such men as Sherlock and Hoadly, though she is accused of having had a malicious satisfaction in setting them disputing, and witnessing their conclusions. One of her reverend courtiers, whom her Mistress of the Robes, the above-mentioned Lady Sundon, persuaded her to make a bishop, absolutely put his conscience into the hands of that serving-woman, congratulating himself, or bemoaning himself, on its dictates, according as they found grace or otherwise in her eyes. See the letter of the abject man, a Dr Clarke (not *the* Dr Clarke) in the dull history of the dull woman, not long ago published in two volumes.

Scene continued.

QUEEN [*addressing* LADY BURLINGTON].

What do you say, Lady Burlington, to poor Lord Hervey's death? I am sure you are very sorry.

LADY PEMBROKE [*sighing and lifting up her eyes*].

I swear it is a terrible thing.

LADY BURLINGTON.

I am just as sorry as I believe he would have been for me.

QUEEN.

How sorry is that, my good Lady Burlington?

LADY BURLINGTON.

Not so sorry as not to admit of consolation.

QUEEN.

I am sure you have not forgiven him his jokes upon Chiswick. I used to scold him for that too, for Chiswick is the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life. But I must say, poor my Lord Hervey, he was very pretty too.

LADY BURLINGTON [*colouring and taking snuff*].

I can't think your Majesty does Chiswick any great honour by the comparison.

[Lady Burlington, a daughter of Savile, the celebrated Marquis of Halifax, was wife to Pope's Earl of Burlington, the builder of Chiswick. Her Ladyship continues speaking.]

He was very well for once, like a party to Vauxhall, where the glare and the bustle entertain one for a little while; but one was always tired of one as well as t'other in half-an-hour.

QUEEN.

Oh! oh! I beg your pardon. I wish all the Vauxhalls were like him, I assure you—I would divert myself exceedingly with Vauxhall; and for your half-hour, I am your humble servant. He has

entertained me, poor my Lord Hervey, many and many half-hours, I can promise you ; but I am sure you thought we laughed at you a little sometimes, as well as Chiswick. Come, own the truth.

LADY BURLINGTON.

I never thought enough about him to think whether he did or not; but I suppose we had all our share.

LADY SUNDON.

I must say, I never in my life heard my Lord Hervey make or give into a joke upon people that he professed living at all well with.

[Let the reader bear in mind, that he was all the while writing these 'Memoirs,' in which he cuts up the said people all round him. Lady Sundon continues.]

He would say a lively thing sometimes, to be sure, upon people he was indifferent to, and very bitter ones upon people he was not indifferent to; and I believe we are all glad enough to do that, when we have a fair opportunity. The only difference amongst us is, who does it best and worst.

PRINCESS EMILY [*to* LADY SUNDON].

Did you really love him? [*Laughs, and mutters something in German to the* QUEEN.]

LADY SUNDON.

I had a great deal of reason, for he was always very particularly civil and kind to me.

LADY BURLINGTON.

If he was very civil to you, it was being very particular to you, that's certain.

QUEEN.

I beg your pardon; he was very well bred.

LADY BURLINGTON.

Where it was his interest, perhaps: he was very well bred to your Majesty, I dare say.

LADY SUNDON.

I am sure he loved the Queen.

PRINCESS EMILY.

That is, you are sure he said so, my good Lady Sundon; and so will all mamma's pages and gentlemen-ushers.

LADY SUNDON.

But he said it in a way that I think I could see whether he felt what he said, or not. He has often said, that the Queen had a thousand good, and agreeable, and amiable qualities, that one should like in a private person; and that he could not

conceive why those qualities were not to be loved because they were in a Queen—and one felt the justness of that way of thinking; and I assure your Royal Highness, I think the Queen will have a very great loss of him; for, besides the use he was of in Parliament, which I do not pretend to be a judge of, he was certainly a constant amusement to the Queen in private, and gave up his whole time to amuse her;* and I must say, I do not think it is everybody [if they would give their whole time to it] is capable of amusing the Queen.

QUEEN.

Oh! upon my word, he amused me exceedingly. I pray, give me the basin to wash. [LADY PEMBROKE *kneels, and gives the basin.*]

Here follows a mutilated passage, the omissions in which will be accounted for presently.

The next scene but one presents us with a dialogue between the Queen and Sir Robert Walpole, in which her Majesty is held forth to the coming generations of Englishmen as an enemy to their liberties; and then comes an exposure of the absurdities and vulgarities of courtiers in general, by this the coarsest of their brethren, and one of the most servile. We quote only a part of it.

* Being husband, all the while, of the charming Mary Lepell.

ACT THREE

Scene changes to the Great Drawing-Room.
All the Courtiers ranged in a circle.

Enter the QUEEN, *led by* LORD GRANTHAM, *followed by the* PRINCESSES *and all her train.* QUEEN *curtsies slightly; drawing-room bows and curtsies very low.*

QUEEN [*to the* DUKE *of* ARGYLL].

Where have you been, my Lord? One has not had the pleasure to see you a great while; and one always misses you.

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

I have been in Oxfordshire, Madam; and so long, that I was asking my father here, Lord Selkirk, how to behave. I know nobody that knows the way of a court so well, nor that has known them so long.

LORD SELKIRK.

By God! my Lord, I know nobody knows better than the Duke of Argyll.

DUKE OF ARGYLL.

All I know, father, is as your pupil; but I told you I was grown a country gentleman.

LORD SELKIRK.

You often tell me things I do not believe.

QUEEN [*laughing*].

Ha! ha! ha! You are always so good together, and my Lord Selkirk is so lively. [*Turning to* LORD PRESIDENT.] I think, my Lord, you are a little of a country gentleman too; you love Chiswick mightily; you have very good fruit there, and are very curious in it; you have very good plums.

LORD PRESIDENT.

I like a plum, Madam, mightily; it is a very pretty fruit.

QUEEN.

The green-gage, I think, is very good.

LORD PRESIDENT.

There are three of that sort, Madam; there is the true green-gage, and there is the Drap-d'or that has yellow spots, and there is the Reine Claude that has red spots.

QUEEN.

Ah! ah! One sees you are very curious, and that you understand these things perfectly well; upon my word, I did not know you were so deep in these things. You know the plum, as Solomon did the plants, from the cedar to the hyssop.

QUEEN [*to the first* COURT-LADY].

I believe you found it very dusty.

First COURT-LADY.

Very dusty, Madam.

QUEEN [*to the second* COURT-LADY].

Do you go soon into the country, Madam?

Second COURT-LADY.

Very soon, Madam.

QUEEN [*to the third* COURT-LADY].

The town is very empty, I believe, Madam?

Third COURT-LADY.

Very empty, Madam.

QUEEN [*to the fourth* COURT-LADY].

I hope all your family is very well, Madam?

Fourth COURT-LADY.

Very well, Madam.

QUEEN [*to the fifth* COURT-LADY].

We have had the finest summer for walking in the world.

Fifth COURT-LADY.

Very fine, Madam.

QUEEN [*to the* DUCHESS OF HAMILTON].

One cannot help wishing you joy, Madam, every time one sees you, of the good matches your daughters have made.

DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

Considering how they behaved, I wonder indeed they had any matches at all; but for any other women of quality, one should think it no great catch for one to be married to a fool, and t'other to a beggar.

QUEEN.

Oh! fie, fie, my good Duchess! one cannot help laughing, you are so lively; but your expressions are very strong.

QUEEN [*to the* DUCHESS OF RUTLAND].

Come, come, my good Duchess, one is always glad to see you.

DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

Your Majesty is always very kind to an old woman and a poor widow, that you are so good to let torment you about her children; and, Madam, I must beg your Majesty [*whispers to the* QUEEN].

Enter LORD GRANTHAM, *in a hurry.*

LORD GRANTHAM.

Ah! dere is my Lord Hervey in your Majesty's

gallery; he is in de frock and de bob, or he should have come in.*

QUEEN.

Mon dieu! My Lord Grantham, you are mad!

LORD GRANTHAM.

He is dere, all so live as he was; and he play de trick, to see as we should all say.

QUEEN.

Then *he* is mad.—Allons voir qu'est ce que c'est que tout ceci. [Let's go and see what it's all about.]

[*Exeunt omnes.*

In the course of this drama, the editor of the 'Memoirs' has been obliged to omit some passages, as being too indecent for modern eyes.

So much for the equivocal part that Queen Caroline is made to perform, even in a piece intended to please her. What would she have thought of the uncommunicated scenes at Court, in the rest of the 'Memoirs,' where, in spite of the good things still said of her, and of the biographer's professed devotedness to her memory, her vanities are exposed, her secretest confidences betrayed, the spirit of her self-sacrifices to her husband converted into artifice and ambition, and the personal infirmities, which she preferred death to mentioning, disclosed,

* Lord Grantham was another naturalised Frenchman.

ridiculed, and made offensive? There were also things to be told of her, according to this friend, which 'could not be heightened,' and which were 'scarcely to be credited.' So, he tells them!

We allude to those more than tolerations of her husband's infidelity, which Sir Robert Walpole countenanced, which are said to have been lauded to her Majesty's face by an Archbishop (Blackburne), and for which she had found warrant, perhaps, not only in other courts, but in a remarkable chapter of the 'Essays' of Montaigne. The particulars we must not here repeat; but nobody will doubt that their disclosure was to the last degree base in a man, who must have tolerated the toleration with, at least, the most courtly silence; probably, with implied admiration; and who waited for the death of his benefactress to betray it to the world.

To complete these portentous instances of ingratitude, we subjoin the passages respecting the Queen's alleged love of domination, preceded by an account of the Lord Lifford above-mentioned, and his Lordship's wife, equally disparaging to the writer's 'gracious master,' and 'most beloved mistress.' The whole is a manifest caricature; and, we doubt not, full of falsehoods.

Enter MILORD *and* LADY LIFFORD, *to have their portraits painted by their friend and fellow-servant*, LORD HERVEY.

'These two people, born in France, having more religion (says his Lordship) than sense (let the reader note that, and think of him in attendance at the chapel royal), left their native country on a crime of being Protestants; and being of great quality, and not in great circumstances, had during four reigns subsisted on the scanty charity of the English court. They were constantly—every night in the country, and three nights of the week in town—alone with the King and Queen for an hour or two before they went to bed, during which time the King walked about and talked to the brother of armies, or to the sister of genealogies, whilst the Queen knitted and yawned, till from yawning she came to nodding, and from nodding to snoring.

'These two miserable court-drudges were in more constant waiting than any of the pages of the back-stairs, were very simple, and very quiet, did nobody any hurt, nor anybody but his Majesty any pleasure, who paid them so ill for all their assiduity and slavery, that they were not only not in affluence, but laboured under the disagreeable burdens of small debts (which a thousand pounds would have paid), and had not an allowance from the court that enabled them to appear there even in the common decency of clean clothes. The King, nevertheless, was always saying how well he loved them, and calling them the best people in the world. But, though he never forgot their goodness, he never remembered their poverty; and, by

giving them so much of his time, which nobody but him would have given them, and so little of his money, which everybody but him in his situation would have afforded them, he gave one just as good an opinion of his understanding by what he bestowed, as he did of his generosity by what he withheld. The Queen, whose most glaring merit was not that of giving, was certainly, with regard to this poor woman, as blameable as the King. For the play-things of princes, let them be ever so trifling, ought always to be gilt, those who contribute to their pleasures having a right to their bounty.

'To most people, however, it was a matter of wonder how the King and Queen could have such persons constantly with them. The truth of the case was, that the King had no taste for better company, and the Queen, though she had a better taste, was forced to mortify her own to please his. Her predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; but she was forced to gratify the one and gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful *régime*, which few besides herself could have had the courage to support, or resolution to adhere to. She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the King every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too

fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it ("consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret, inimicus"); "an enemy to any counsel, however excellent, which he himself had not suggested." —*Tacitus.* She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *têtes-à-têtes* seem heaviest, was that as he neither liked reading or being read to (unless it was to sleep), she was forced, like the spider, to spin out of her bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it; for the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired, was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself. But, either for the appearance or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. Her every thought, word, and act, therefore, tended and was calculated to preserve her influence there. To him she sacrificed her time; for him she mortified her inclination; she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him (if such influence so gained can bear the name of government) by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled

her. For all the tedious hours she spent, then, in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed the country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her.'*

Such are the opinions respecting his benefactress which Lord Hervey wishes us to think he secretly held, all the while he was looking her in the face, and expressing his love, and gratitude, and adoration! ! !

Lord Hervey, amidst all his talk about others, forgot one thing about himself which, in spite of himself, he nevertheless disclosed also; namely, that as a servile and fawning courtier, he was a liar by habit; and, as all gossips tend to be liars by inclination, in consequence of the pepper and be-devilment which calumny gives to discourse, Hervey was probably a liar of the grossest, because most malignant, description. Readers, therefore, are warranted in believing just as much of him, or as little, as they please. He has exonerated Pope from the charge of calumniating him; and in Pope's satire he accordingly remains, pinned down for ever, as the most monstrous and venomous thing in the shape of a butterfly, which ever infested a court.

To all the poison of Hervey's libels on his benefac-

* Vol. i. p. 292.

tress, we would oppose, as their crowning antidote, the following simple notice of her, written after her death, by the Countess of Hertford, subsequently Duchess of Somerset; Thomson's Countess, the friend of him and Shenstone; formerly one of the ladies of Caroline's bedchamber. It is to be found in her Correspondence with another intelligent and amiable woman, the Countess of Pomfret, and implies the latter's joint testimony to the truth of the record.

'I have had the pleasure,' says Lady Hertford, 'of seeing at Rysbrach's a bust of our ever-regretted mistress, so like her (except a little too much height in the nose), that I could not look upon it without feeling a return of that tender concern which we each experienced this time twelvemonths, with as much truth as any that were in her service, though possibly with more silence.* The recollection was so strongly on my spirits all Sunday and Monday, that I was downright ill; and had, in imagination, much conversation with you on the subject. During both those days, I was almost persuaded that you and I were again placed on each side the fire, in the little waiting-room at St James's, where we sat that fatal Sunday night which robbed the world of one whose loss there is every day greater cause to lament, and on whom I can never think without a sigh.'

This is evidently a testimony from the heart. Its warmth, unabated by the lapse of a twelvemonth;

* Hervey was probably one of the howlers.

the pressure of the recollection on the writer's mind for two days together, till she became 'downright ill'; her taking Lady Pomfret's equal sympathy for granted; and even that little piece of homely painting—the sitting on the two sides of the fireplace—all show the truth and depth of the sorrow professed, and are worth a million of the representations of a malignant courtier, who confesses that he lied whenever it suited him, and who had probably found, in some corner of the confidential letters of poor Caroline, in possession of 'a friend,' a mention of himself, such as her habitual good-nature, and her wish to think the best of those about her, had too often spared him. One little caustic drop on the vanity of such a man, however unwillingly dropped, would have sufficed to bring forth all his venom.

We shall conclude these references to Lord Hervey's Memoirs with a passage, not insignificant in itself, but which becomes doubly curious from the secret feelings which this court historian must have entertained, both while he was writing it, and while he was talking it.

He was one day in conversation with the King and Queen, when he told them that 'he knew three people that were writing the history of his Majesty's reign, who could possibly know nothing of the Palace and his Majesty's closet; and yet would, he doubted not, pretend to make their whole history one continued dissection of both.'

'You mean,' said the King, 'Lords Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Carteret.'

'I do,' replied Lord Hervey.

'They will all three,' said the King, 'have as much truth in them as the *Mille et Une Nuits*— (the Arabian Nights). Not but I shall like to read Bolingbroke's, who of all those rascals and knaves that have been lying against me these ten years, has certainly the best parts and the most knowledge. He is a scoundrel; but he is a scoundrel of a higher class than Chesterfield. Chesterfield is a little tea-table scoundrel, that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them,* without any object but to give himself airs; as if anybody could believe a woman could like a dwarf-baboon.'

The Queen said all these three histories would be three heaps of lies, but lies of very different kinds. She said 'Bolingbroke's would be great lies; Chesterfield's little lies; and Carteret's lies of both sorts.'

Doubtless both King and Queen suspected that their chattering and scribbling Vice-Chamberlain would himself write the Secret History; and they flattered themselves, that as he flattered them so

* Strange intimation of manners at that time! Footmen were beaten, according to what we read in comedies; but we never before met with an intimation of the beating of gentlewomen.

strongly to their faces, he would be equally respectful to their memories.

We have seen the result. None of the other three histories ever made their appearance; and Hervey, perhaps, only mentioned them in order to take a treacherous pleasure in contemplating the faces and the feelings of his victims.

With Caroline's power to hold court-days at Kensington, her connection with the place ceases: for she did not die there. George the Second, ever regretting the loss of her, did; though it was not of sorrow for the loss, for he survived her upwards of twenty years. He died even of a broken heart; though, like many a man who has so done, he does not appear to have been suffering under any particular affliction. Many men die of broken hearts, who have no afflictions; and many die of affliction, whose hearts have remained physically untouched.

On the morning of the 25th October 1760, a fall was heard in the royal apartments, soon after breakfast. It was the King. He had cut his face against a bureau, in the act of falling, and was dead of disease of the heart, at the age of seventy-eight.

On examination of the body, the right ventricle of the heart was found burst. He was, otherwise, in good health; and, owing to a combination of lucky circumstances, he was one of the most

prosperous monarchs that ever sat on the British throne. But prosperity, perhaps, had aggravated the self-will in which it is the misfortune of most princes to be too much indulged; contradiction becomes unbearable to them; the heart is rendered diseased by agitation at every little annoyance; and a small trouble may give it the mortal blow. The peril is not confined to kings, or even to common understandings. John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, died of a paroxysm of this disease, merely because he was opposed by some professional brethren in his recommendation of a man whom he patronised. George the Second, after all, had had his way, for the most part, so pleasantly to himself, that he lived to be near eighty. Men of more patient callings, therefore, may look to live still longer, diseases of heart notwithstanding, especially, if they have the wisdom to abide by the recommendation of a great man (painter and poet combined) who lived to be older than George, and who advises us, when we cannot do what we will, to will what we can do.

'Chi non può quel che vuol, quel che può voglia.'—
Leonardo da Vinci.

Never, perhaps, was a line of verse written that was at once fuller of matter, stronger, better put, or, altogether, more complete, than that. It is worth inscribing on the most precious rings, and wearing as a talisman for life.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

WITH the decease of George the Second, glory departed from Kensington, as far as Courts were concerned. No reigning sovereign has resided there since. George the Third, who inherited perhaps a dislike of the place from his father the Prince of Wales, appears to have taken no notice of it, except in appointing the clever but impudent quack, Sir John Hill, its gardener, at the recommendation of Sir John's then omnipotent brother botanist, the Earl of Bute.

George the Fourth probably regarded the place as a homely concern, quite out of his line. It might suit well enough the book-collecting inclinations of his brother, the Duke of Sussex, with which he had no sympathy; was not amiss as a means of affording a lodging to his brother, the Duke of Kent, with whose habits of regularity, and pardonable amount of debt, his sympathies were as little; and, lastly, he was well content to think, that the staid-looking house and formal gardens rendered the spot a good out-of-the-way sort of place enough

GEORGE III

for obscuring the growth and breeding of his niece, and probable heiress, the Princess Victoria, whose life, under the guidance of a wise mother, promised to furnish so estimable a contrast to his own. As to his brother, King William the Fourth, though he too was a brother, in most respects, very different from himself, we never heard his name mentioned in any way whatever in connection with Kensington.

One person there was, however, who for a time startled, or threatened to startle, the dull shades of the Palace out of their propriety. This was poor foolish Caroline of Brunswick, at that time Princess of Wales, wife of the Regent, and victim of that bad husband, and of a bad training. The world knows her painful history too well, to render necessary any account of it here. The disposition of the poor wild woman seems to have been naturally kind and good; but she had no reflection; was terribly wanting in refinement; and sometimes out of perversity and resentment, sometimes from the mere love of frolic, and to escape from *ennui* was given to hazarding such constructions of her conduct on the most trifling occasions, as naturally forced doubts of it on the minds of her best wishers, when the occasions were serious. The public justly felt, that a husband like George, Prince of Wales, had no right to bring the charges he did against a wife whom he had ill-used and dismissed; but this only rendered her violations of decorum the more dis-

tressing. The comments which she defied abroad, need not be repeated; but here even, at Kensington, where she was on her good behaviour, and watched by anxious friends as well as enemies, she could not help endangering her success in the struggle that awaited her, by tricks and pastimes fitter for a hoyden in an old comedy, than for a woman whose fate was seriously in jeopardy, and who was no longer even young. She did not content herself with keeping a sort of open house; receiving visitors in a dressing-gown, and sitting and talking about herself with strangers, on the benches in the Gardens, at the risk of being discovered. She talked, and sometimes even drank, freely at her dinners; disconcerted the ladies; romped, against their will, with the gentlemen; delighted, like a school-girl who has got out of bounds, in quitting the Gardens themselves for a stroll in the fields, or along the Paddington canal, sometimes dressed in evening attire; would go into houses that were to be let, asking questions about the rent (probably to frighten her attendant); and one night quitted a cottage which she possessed at Bayswater, to walk into town to a masquerade; hazarding discovery, not only with her face, but her manners (as she 'rolled' along), and frightening her attendants out of their wits. The folly no doubt amounted to 'flightiness'; and such was her excuse. But where had been the court, either at her husband's or father's house, that might have modi-

QUEEN CAROLINE

fied or taught her better, by engaging either respect or affection? And of affection, poor woman, she certainly appears to have been very capable.

Caroline left Kensington before she became queen; so that there was no court there, even nominally, in her time; nor have we any subsequent one to record; though a princess of a very different breeding, and the mother who blessed her with it, will have to be noticed presently, as the latest royal occupants of the Palace.*

Adieu, then, for the present, and for we know not how long a time hereafter, to court-holdings in the Palace, to court splendours, and court scandals. Adieu, Kings listening in closets, and Queens calumniated by ungrateful biographers. Adieu, even Maids of Honour. They departed their Kensington life with George the Second, and went to live a terribly dull one, with his grandson's Queen, Charlotte, who nearly tired Miss Burney into a consumption.

* It was in Kensington, at the corner of Church Street, during the funeral procession of Caroline, who died at Hammersmith, that the first contest took place between the military and the populace, as to which should prevail in directing the course of it; the former apart from the city, or the latter through the heart of it. We ought, in the present edition, to have added this incident to the chapters on Kensington church, but could not well find a place that would suit it, so we have put it here. The point at issue, though not till after further trials, was ultimately conceded to the populace. Very wisely; for on no account would the occasion, on either side, have warranted the hazard of bloodshed. We hardly need add, that the body was carried to Brunswick.

GEORGE IV.

As we cannot, however, help giving a loving and pitying look at the departing Maids, we here transcribe, for the benefit of the sympathising reader, the latest account we can find of them in King George the Third's History. It is the latest account of the sisterhood in any history; and must be taken with allowance for the exaggerations natural to the scapegrace to whom it is attributed; namely, the 'wicked Lord Lyttleton,' as he was called, to distinguish him from his father and others, the good Lords. The authorship is questionable; but the details seem founded on good authority; and any amount of dulness might be looked for among the Maids of Honour of Queen Charlotte. The reader will observe, in the course of the account, that the poor Maids, ghosts of their former selves, occasionally paid visits to the spot which had been animated by their predecessors.

'To make up at least two court suits in a year (says the writer), to dance as many court minuets in the same space; to sidle, on days of duty, through the presence-chamber, at the tail of a royal procession; to take her place in an established corner of the drawing-room; to say, "Yes, Sir," or "No, Sir," and courtesy, when she is noticed by the King; to say, "Yes, Madam," and "No, Madam," and courtesy, when the Queen does her the same honour; to make an occasional one of six large hoops in a royal coach, and to aid the languor

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT

of an easy party in a side box at a royal play; compose the principal labours of a Maid of Honour's life.

'But they are not without their rewards. A moderate salary, and a thousand pounds, when Miss gets a husband; an apartment in a palace, and, I believe, a dinner from a royal kitchen; in a rotation of six weeks, a seven days' possession of a royal coach, a royal coachman, and a shabby pair of royal horses, for the purpose of shopping in the city, and paying distant visits; airings in the King's Road, and the being set down at the very gate of Kensington Gardens, while women of the first fashion are obliged to trip it o'er an hundred yards of greensward between their coaches and the place of admittance; to take place of Baronets' daughters; to go to plays, operas, and oratorios, gratis; to have physicians without fees, and medicines without the apothecary's bill; to chat with Lords and Grooms of the Bedchamber, around the fire of an ante-chamber; to stroke the beardless face of a new-made page; and, perhaps, to receive an Heir-Apparent's first effort at flirtation; constitute the various privileges of a Maid of Honour.

'This brief history, my dear friend, you well know to be founded on fact, and will, therefore be ready to applaud the tender pity I feel for these virgin automatons. I have never seen them bringing up the rear of a royal train, but each of them has

appeared to bear, in legible characters, on her forehead, "Who will marry me?" Nevertheless, upon the most favourable average, not one in three years, during the present reign, has been rewarded by Hymen; which, in their particular situation, is as pitiable a circumstance as can be found in the long catalogue of female mortifications.

'A Lady of the Bedchamber is obliged only to do partial duty; and, during the short period of her attendance, is, in some degree, the companion of her royal mistress; while the Virgins of Honour are not admitted, as I have been informed, to stick a pin in a royal handkerchief. Even the Women of the same department figure only in her Majesty's cast-off gowns, on royal birthdays; but these poor persecuted damsels are the common hackneys of drawing-room parade: whether ill or well, in humour or out of humour, by day-light or by candle-light they are obliged, through three parts of the year, to be on the continual stretch of state official exhibition.

'I remember, when I was little more than a boy, to have seen a young lady in training for this important office; and the whole of that serious business consisted in nothing more than a practical lecture upon entrances and exits, the language of courtesies, and the art of conducting a large hoop in all modes and forms of possible pliancy. * * *

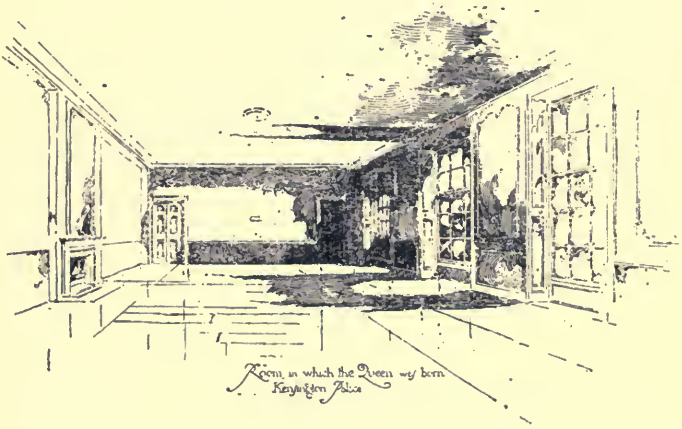
'After this manner did I treat the Honourable

Subject of her Majesty's Honourable Virgins; and little did I think it would beget a long admonitory epistle from you, to warn me against speaking evil of dignities. My wit, such as it is, has never directed a single glance at the Throne.'

So much for the disparagements of the poor Maids by the wit that would not speak evil of dignities! The lovely Dillons and Stanleys of the present day will know how to estimate such ungallant distinctions at their just value, and smile to think how little they need the pity bestowed on the unmarrying attendants of grudging Queen Charlotte.

But if no reigning Sovereign has lived in Kensington Palace since the time of George the Second, a sovereign grace, of a new description, has occurred to it; for Queen Victoria was born, as well as bred, within its walls. We regret, as a special personal disappointment (if many loyal and loving reasons may warrant us in so speaking), that, while these pages have been proceeding from our pen, constant illness has prevented us from availing ourselves of a gracious permission to see the interior of Kensington Palace. We wished, for the sake of our readers, as well as ourselves, to see the pictures there, especially those of the Byzantine and early German and other painters, that form the collection of Prince Louis d'Ottingen Wallerstein; but we wished, for our own sake in particular, to find ourselves in the rooms which hold them, for in those her Majesty

passed her childhood; and long before we had other reasons for wishing to do so, or dreaming that we ever should have, we remember well the peculiar kind of personal pleasure which it gave us to see the future Queen, the first time we ever did see her, coming up a cross path from the Bayswater



gate, with a girl of her own age by her side, whose hand she was holding, as if she loved her. It brought to our mind the warmth of our own juvenile friendships; and made us fancy that she loved everything else that we had loved in like measure, — books, trees, verses, Arabian tales, and the good mother who had helped to make her so affectionate.

A magnificent footman, in scarlet, came behind her, with the splendidest pair of calves in white stockings that we ever beheld. He looked somehow like a gigantic fairy, personating, for his little lady's sake, the grandest kind of footman he could think of; and his calves he seemed to have made out of a couple of the biggest chaise-lamps in the possession of the godmother of Cinderella. As the princess grew up, the world seemed never to hear of her, except as it wished to hear,—that is to say, in connection with her mother; and now it never hears of her, but in connection with children of her own, and with her husband, and her mother still, and all good household pleasures and hospitalities, and public virtues of a piece with them. May life ever continue to appear to her what, indeed, it really is to all who have eyes for seeing beyond the surface; namely, a wondrous fairy scene, strange, beautiful, mournful too, yet hopeful of being 'happy ever after,' when its story is over; and wise, meantime, in seeing much where others see nothing, in shedding its tears patiently, and in doing its best to diminish the tears around it.

Writing to his friend, Hannah More, from Kensington, on the 21st of July 1820, Mr Wilberforce says, 'In consequence of a very civil message from the Duchess of Kent, I waited on her this morning. She received me with her fine animated child on the floor, by her side, with its playthings, of which

Kensington Palace 1820.

I soon became one. She was very civil; but as she did not sit down, I did not think it right to stay above a quarter of an hour, and there being but a female attendant and a footman present, I could not well get up any topic, so as to carry on a continued discourse. She apologised for not speaking English well enough to talk it; but intimated a hope that she might talk it better and longer with me at some future time. She spoke of her situation (this was, probably, in reference to the treatment of her and hers, at the hands of the Prince Regent) and her manner was quite delightful.'

Hearty reason has the nation to rejoice, that neither Mr Wilberforce nor Miss Hannah More had anything to do with their Queen's education; though, had the case been otherwise, we trust that the good sense which she inherited from both her parents would have rendered it harmless. She had too much joyfulness, and justice, and universality, in her nature, to allow her to fall into those supposed-religious, but really profane, desecrations, both of this world and the next, which such persons would inflict on us.

And thus we have a Queen who sees fair-play to all that mean well, and who can rejoice and grieve impartially with her subjects of all classes, like a right, sovereign, human creature; and not stint and begrudge her sympathies, like the Queen of a clique in a corner.

So much for the latest points of remembrance in connection with the Palace at Kensington. We will now look back a little in order to finish with those of the Gardens; for the death of George the Second did not put an end to the weekly promenades. They lasted throughout the long reign of his successor, and only terminated with his son's accession to the Regency. Hence, we may still fancy all that was brilliant and fashionable, or in any manner distinguished, good or bad, in the successive generations of the last half of the eighteenth century, and the first two decades of the nineteenth, making its appearance as such in the Kensington Great Walk, delighting the scientific eyes of drapers and mantua-makers, and attracting crowds of adorers from the city.

At the beginning of the new reign, the promenaders would be much the same as before, with the addition of a few Germans, who had come over with the new Queen. The Queen herself would hardly be there; for one publicity of expectancy begets another; and the new sovereigns kept much, and economically, at home; gave no dinners or gala-days; nor, though a ball now and then, even a supper after a ball.

Miss Chudleigh, not yet Duchess of Kingston, was still in request. The young ladies who have figured as actresses at Holland House, Lady Susan Fox, and the charming Lady Sarah Lennox, with

QUEEN VICTORIA

whom the young King had been said to be in love, were, perhaps, the greatest attractions in the Walk. There, also, might probably be seen the beautiful Countess of Waldegrave, an illegitimate Walpole, who, before the Marriage Act had put an end to such ambitions, became the wife of the King's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and mother of the late Duke, not long deceased. Kitty Clive, the actress, would also be there, looking more intelligent than handsome; and the notorious Kitty Fisher, the Venus of the day, would contribute a face as insipid as Venus herself (that is to say, Venus de Medicis). Her charm consisted, we suppose, in the unexpected things which such a face would utter; we mean, in the way of slang: a contrast in which Horace Walpole found something very bewitching.

This is the lady, we believe, who, by way of making a sensation, and showing her superiority to vicissitudes, emulated the pearl-melting of Cleopatra by eating a bank-note (we forget for what sum) in the guise of a sandwich. George Selwyn, Lord March, and such like worthies, would be there as before; Wilkes also, indulging his gallant squint; and Bubb Doddington, during the month in which he was a 'young lord' though a corpulent senior, bigger for his huge, gaudy clothes. Madame de Boufflers gave a look in from Paris. The mysterious phenomenon called the chevalier, or chevalière, d'Eon, showed its doubly-diplomatic face: and

The..... joy of deeming himself admired as well as admiring.

Rousseau, who was in England about this time, might even have given a pitying, misanthropical glance down the foolish assemblage.

We know not whether Johnson was ever to be found in these promenades a little later in the reign; but very likely he was, considering that he was as great, though a somewhat more frightened, admirer of pretty ankles, as his friend Richardson. And Goldsmith assuredly would not suffer his blossom-coloured coat to be lost to the assembled world, while its lustre was yet upon it. How could the Woffingtons, and the Lady Cravens and Bolingbrokes, and charming Mrs Abingdon with her Roxalana nose be there, and Oliver, emboldened by his coat, not snatch the fearful joy of deeming himself 'admired as well as admiring?' He has no time to lose; for see—the young author of the 'School for Scandal,' parliamentary orator and gallant duellist, is coming up the walk, with his bride the beauteous Linley on his arm; and all hearts will be his, if his little countryman does not strike first.

A few years later, poor Miss Ray is in danger of being shot, by her lover, the Reverend Mr Hackman (as she was afterwards), for coming modestly along, leaning on the arm of Lord Sandwich. General Burgoyne badly represents the American War, but not inelegantly the taste for polite comedy. Charles Fox astonishes his friends, for a day or so, by appearing with Lords Carlisle and Essex in red-

heeled shoes, and feathers in his hat. Burke looks round the place with an eye to reformation, but a few years later is for keeping it all *in statu quo* at any price, as a rebuke to his brother reformers at Paris.

Meantime, George, Prince of Wales, has arrived at 'years of indiscretion'; and the Mary Robinsons, the Crouchs, and the Fitzherberts, pass in fascinating succession down the Walk. Then Mrs Siddons, very respectable and majestic. Then the lovely Duchess of Devonshire, poetess, Queen of Hearts, and carrier of Westminster elections—the sweetest of stars in the gracefullest of aristocratic houses. Then the Duchess of Gordon, as fond of power for power's sake, as the other is for persuasion's. Then Warren Hastings and his 'elegant Marian,' sole conqueress (except her sister in jewellery, the Kingston Duchess) of the reputation-loving court samples of Queen Charlotte. Then Miss Farren, an actress, setting a real example of manners to the polite world, and escaping from notice into a coronet!

And now the French Revolution brings an inundation of emigrants, male and female, preceded by Egalité, Duke of Orleans, who is come to add orgies to orgies at Carlton House; and none of them know what to make of ex-bishop Talleyrand, who represents all parties by turns, and abides for a while in Kensington, as we have seen, con-

founding all notions of old French propriety, by abandoning his cloth and his gallantries, and paying his debts.

At this strangest of all epochs in the history of the world, there might probably have been seen in these Gardens, on one and the same day, in the portentous year 1791, Wilkes and Wilberforce; George Rose and Mr Holcroft; Mr Reeve and Mr Godwin; Burke, Warren Hastings, and Thomas Paine; Horace Walpole and Hannah More (whom he introduces to the Duke of Queensberry); Mary Wolstonecroft and Miss Burney (Madame d'Arblay), the latter avoiding the former with all her might; the Countess of Albany (the widow of the Pretender); the Margravine of Anspach; Mrs Montagu; Mrs Barbauld; Mrs Trimmer; Emma Harte (Lady Hamilton), accompanied by her adoring portrait-painter, Romney; and poor Madame du Barry, mistress of the late Louis XV., come to look after some jewels of which she has been robbed, and little suspecting she would return to be guillotined.

The fashions of this half-century, with the exception of an occasional broad-brimmed hat, worn both by gentlemen and ladies, comprised the ugliest that ever were seen. Head-dresses became monstrous compounds of pasteboard, flowers, feathers, and pomatum; the hoop degenerated into little panniers; and about the year 1770, a set of travelled

fops came up, calling themselves Macaronis, from their intimacy with the Italian eatable so called, who wore ridiculously little hats, large pigtails, and tight-fitting clothes of striped colours. The lesser pigtail, long or curly, prevailed for a long time among elderly gentlemen, making a powdered semicircle between the shoulders; a plain cocked hat surmounted their heads; and, on a sudden, at the beginning of the new century, ladies took to having turbans, surmounted with ostrich feathers, and bodies literally without a waist, the girdle coming directly under the arms. The bosom protruded at top, as if squeezed out by the girdle strings. There was a song in those days, beginning—

> 'Shepherds, I have lost my love;
> Have you seen my Anna?'

This song was parodied by one beginning—

> 'Shepherds, I have lost my waist;
> Have you seen my body?'

We remember this dress in our boyhood, and never have we beheld anything so monstrous.

The French Revolution put an end to cocked hats, to pigtails, to hair-powder; and, by degrees, introduced the classical female costume that prevailed at the Tuileries under the First Consul. The hoop, under the regency of the Prince of

'About the year 1770.'

Wales, disappeared from its last stronghold, the court. The Prince liked to contemplate the shapes of the ladies, though he had now become willing enough to disguise his own in stays and trowsers, which, accordingly, became fashionable; and as all changes tend to produce others, and the middle classes now began to tread closely in all respects on the heels of the upper, filling up the vacancies in the Kensington Garden promenades with too many supplies from Marylebone and the City, the promenaders themselves came suddenly to nothing. Their only remnant, if remnant it can be called (it is rather a select difference, and a great improvement), is the congregation, twice a week, during the summer season, of a reasonable number of ladies and gentlemen at the south-eastern junction of the Gardens and Hyde Park; who, partly walking about, and partly sitting on chairs, or remaining outside the garden boundary on horseback, listen to charming strains of music from operas and concertos, performed by the band of one of the regiments of guards.

To this novelty, a very agreeable and unexpected one was added not many years since; to wit, a considerable strip of public flower garden. The flowers, and the trees also, are labelled with their botanic as well as popular names; and as many of both are not common, and at the same time are beautiful, not only is general information diffused,

but cultivators learn what to ask for of gardeners and nurserymen, and gardens in general profit accordingly.

It is calculated, that England is now three or four times the country it used to be in regard to its show of flowers, and that the importation of foreign trees, particularly from America, has given its parks, and will ultimately give its woods and field-sides, an addition of autumnal colours, very like changing its landscape from northern to southern, or from greys and dingies, to reds, oranges, and gold.

The late public-spirited Mr Loudon, who had a main hand in bringing about the recent improvements of this kind, both here and elsewhere, got the old wall in the Bayswater Road exchanged for an iron railing, which gives the wayfarer a pleasant scene of shrubs and green leaves as he goes along, instead of dusty old brickwork; and though too many of the shrubs and new trees, in the line of the railing, are not yet sufficiently grown to keep up the old sense of seclusion, and so render the walker in the Gardens equally content with the change, a few years will restore him his satisfaction. New trees had become necessary not only in this part of the Gardens, but in the whole of them. Multitudes of the old ones had grown up slender and sickly for want of room; and at length were rotting. They were thinned off for new ones; and though a mistake, much to the distress of London,

was made at the head of the Serpentine, by the erection of a miserable 'dumb-waiter' kind of fountain, dripping wretchedly on its little shelves (the chill English always seem afraid of making a good-sized fountain), the sorry trifle is, at all events, stopped for the present, and something like a natural spring of water may perhaps still be looked for, to greet the dusty turner out of the high-road, and harmonise with the ever-pleasant swans.

Beside the rarer trees in the strip of garden ground properly so called, and the trees common to woody places in the Gardens in general, there are some good specimens of beech here, and some more than usually fine ones both of the horse-chestnut and the sweet chestnut. The horse-chestnuts, thick with leaves, and throwing up in abundance their noble pyramidal blossoms, form a beautiful greeting for the pedestrian in spring, as he comes from Piccadilly towards the entrance into Kensington High Street.

Ordinary birds of course abound, both singing and cawing, though it has never been our good fortune to hear the nightingale. The return of rooks towards nightfall often gives Kensington the look of a remote country town. The nut-hatch has been frequently caught in the Gardens; it is not improbable that the rare and beautiful bird the hoopoe (*Upupa epops*) may be seen there during the prevalence of the east winds, which are understood to drive it hither from the Continent; and we ourselves have seen the jay,

with its lovely delicate blue and other colours, though it is a bird very shy of observers.

As to fish, all we can say is, that we have seen boys, with faces no wiser than the fish they caught, succeed in throwing a number of 'tittle-bats' on the grass by the Serpentine, where they leaped and gasped out their wretched little souls with ineffectual efforts to gulp the air.

A satirical or hypercritical observer of Kensington might say, that it has a Palace which is no palace, Gardens which are no gardens, and a river called the Serpentine which is neither serpentine nor a river. It is an angular piece of water made (as before stated) out of some ponds; which ponds, we have now to add, were made, we believe, out of a brook which rises in West-End Lane, Hampstead. This brook makes a considerable plash in that lane in bad weather; and you may occasionally notice it in dry, looking like a transparent bit of gutter. The Serpentine, which covers fifty acres of ground, is partly in the Gardens and partly in Hyde Park; and the division is made by a bridge, which being itself divided by a fence, accommodates passengers in two places at once. Boats may now be hired on it in the summer-time, on the Garden as well as on the Park side of the bridge. They enable the catchers of the tittle-bats to fancy themselves rowers; and not long since, the fountain above-mentioned enabled them to fancy that they had seen a fountain; but for the

And in the winter..... happy skaters.

present, they must go and study for that purpose the other drivelling attempts called by that name, in front of the outhouse called the National Gallery.

This most unpretending piece of water is the great pond, or basin, in front of the Palace, from the sides of which the principal walks diverge. In summer-time, the refreshment of its appearance is increased by the hot gravel of the walks; and in winter, the ear is pleasantly greeted by the tinkling, and the eye by the crowding, of the happy skaters, not the less happy, and very reasonably so, because the pond is shallow; for a cold bath in winter-time is not to be desired, especially with one's clothes on; and though life itself is not to be put into competition with great calls for its sacrifice, there is something ridiculous, as well as grievous, in losing it by such a thing as a ducking.

It is pleasant, however, in default of having a real and a better river at hand, to walk by the Serpentine in fine weather; for the water flows, and there is air upon it, and grass is under one's feet, and trees round about us. With the Hyde Park half of it we have nothing to do in these pages; nor is the sense of the pleasure there so sequestered as that in the Gardens. What may be called the river-side of the Gardens is on this account the most agreeable; meaning by river-side, not merely the side of the water, but the wood in its neighbourhood, and its sequestered-looking paths. Prospects of any kind the Gardens can

hardly be said to possess, for none even of the vistas are worth mentioning, except that, perhaps, such as it is, and as topographers have observed, which looks from one point in this quarter towards the Palace. Nevertheless, as comparativeness gives value to everything great or small, Kensington Gardens are a truly valuable possession to the neighbourhood, and to the metropolis in general. They afford safe walks to invalids and to children; sequestered ones to lovers of quiet; shades in summer-time to the heated; dry passages in winter to crossers over the district; birds, trees, and flowers to the lovers of them: and upon the whole, something altogether different, to those who wish it, from town, from noise, or from the town's most painful or perplexing sights; for here, though angling is allowed, which is a pity and ridiculous, sporting in general is not. You hear no sound, and see no sight, to make you wish that the setter of his wits against hare and pheasant

'Had shot as he was used to do.'

The poet may turn his verse, the philosopher his axioms, and the lover his affectionate thoughts, with no greater interruption than the call of a bird, or the sound of a child's voice; and if a foolish old gentleman is now and then seen haunting a nurserymaid, or a younger vagabond desecrating some alcove with the literature of St Giles's, we are to comfort ourselves with hoping that the nurserymaid is laughing

We are to comfort ourselves with hoping that the nursery-maid is laughing at the venerable Adonis.

at the venerable Adonis, and that the vagabond, when he goes home, will get as many boxes on the ears for loitering by the way, as he has given causes for trouble to the sponge of the garden inspector. We must not expect to be too Paradisaical, even in Kensington Gardens.

The most affecting consideration suggested by places like these, is the one which calls to mind the past splendour and gaiety, the frivolity, the vice, and the virtue also, which they have seen; all now gone into another world, to join the greatest of all publics, the public of the dead. Rather let us say, of the departed; for what do we know of the dead, except that the life has departed out of them? The qualities which they evinced while living were more or less mixed up with their opposites; the gaiety with gloom, the frivolity with thoughtfulness (for did not all suffer?), the melancholy with mirth (for did not all enjoy?). Even Lord Hervey thought he hated ingratitude and hypocrisy, and perhaps he did so, in others, though he was not as alive to them as he ought to have been in his own person. Let us rest assured that the claims of the dead have been all since adjusted, and with final evil to no one; for as they were all created souls, they were all children of heaven as well as of earth. Such were they who have gone; such are the like multitudes who are now living; and such will be those who succeed them. We may be quite content and happy, both

with the past and the future of Kensington Palace and all around it, if we think of this, and at the same time cultivate our health and our natural cheerfulness, as all gardens, even formal ones, invite us to do.

The chief abiding thought in any garden is, or ought to be, a combined consciousness of the beauty of vegetation and the tranquillising effect of quiet. This, we doubt not, is the reflection and the reward of those who frequent Kensington Gardens in general; and such of them as meet with this book will gladly see it finish with a quotation from a poet, who was one of the truest brother-lovers of gardens that ever lived, and also, as his friend Evelyn was here sometimes, we have not the least doubt was a visitor; nay, would assuredly have visited them, whether his friend had or not; for nature was his still greater friend, and every plant (so strongly he loved it) a sort of fellow-creature. You see he cannot help addressing the trees in their respective social ranks, after the Tory fashion in which he was brought up; though no man was less of a party-man at heart than he, or wished better to the good and honest of all ranks and denominations.

'Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good,
Hail, ye plebeian underwood,
Where the poetick birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
Pay with their grateful voice.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the fairest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise,
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be, myself, too mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

Ah, wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll find the weight of't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity,
To help to bear't away.'

And again, in his Essay entitled 'The Garden,' addressed to the friend above-mentioned:

'Methinks I see great Diocletian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made.
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who came in vain
To entice him to a throne again.

'"If I, my friends," said he, "should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away.
And trust me not, my friends, if every day
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever, after the most happy fight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself, almost a god."'

NOTES

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Refreshed his moralities (p. 1). It has already been pointed out that Addison can have written few 'moralities' after he married in 1716, and, presumably, entered upon permanent residence at Holland House.

The received opinion (p. 1). 'The story of his having been tutor to the young earl is obviously groundless,' says Addison's best biographer, Mr W. J. Courthope; but, 'two charming letters of his to the latter' (*i.e.* Lord Warwick) 'show that as early as 1708 he took a strong interest in the family' ('Life of Addison,' 1884, p. 154).

Their lives were rendered unhappy (p. 1). Mr Courthope, *ut supra*, contends that this lacks corroboration, and indeed produces some positive testimony on the other side. He shows that Addison spoke of Lady Warwick affectionately, leaving her executrix of his will, and guardian of his daughter Charlotte, while there is nothing on the other side but a smart conjecture, made a year after the marriage, by Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Addison 'died of brandy' (p. 3). Hunt's long *apologia* is scarcely needed either for this, or the Gay story (p. 5). Both rest on the authority of Pope, who has left a sufficient record of his animus against 'Atticus' in the 'Epistle to Arbuthnot.'

He lived and wrote (p. 7). See note above, and to vol. i. p. 171.

Milton's daughter (p. 7). There is (or was) in the Library passage at Holland House a miniature cast of Milton in ivory with which Addison was no doubt familiar ('Holland House,' ii. p. 125).

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Sir Stephen Fox (p. 9) died in 1716 at Chiswick. He held office under Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne. Among the institutions he helped to found was the 'Royal Hospital for emerited souldiers' at Chelsea (Evelyn's 'Memoirs,' etc. 1827, iii. 61).

Henry (or Harry) *Fox* (p. 10) was created Baron Holland of Foxley, Wilts, in 1763. There are portraits of him by Hogarth and Reynolds at Holland House.

Ran away with a duke's daughter (p. 12). The lady was Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. They were married privately at the beginning of May 1744. Lady Caroline was created Baroness Holland (p. 12) in 1762, before her husband was ennobled.

A talent for vers de société (p. 13). The Princess Marie Liechtenstein prints a further example of Lord Holland's gifts in this way, which may fairly be set beside the 'Horace in London' of the brothers Smith, or the 'Advice to Julia' of a later frequenter of Holland House, Henry Luttrell. The 'Lydia' in Lord Holland's lines is the beautiful Lady Sarah Bunbury (*née* Lennox), whom Reynolds exhibited in 1765 'Sacrificing to the Graces'; his 'Sybaris,' that 'once lively youth,' Lord Carlisle. Here are the last two stanzas:

'Manly exercise and sport,
Hunting and the tennis-court,
And riding-school no more divert:
Newmarket does, for there you flirt!
But why does he no longer dream
Of yellow Tyber and its shore;
Of his friend Charles's favourite scheme,
On waking, think no more?

Why does he dislike an inn?
Hate post-chaises, and begin
To think 'twill be enough to know
His way from Almack's to Soho?
Achilles thus kept out of sight
For a long time; but this dear boy
(If, Sally, you and I guess right,)
Will never get to Troy.'

'The Correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox,' edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale, is now (October 1901) announced by Mr Murray.

Died at Holland House (p. 13). On the 1st July 1774, aged 69. Lady Caroline survived him only twenty-three days.

It is said (p. 13). The author of 'Holland House' observes that this ghastly anecdote is 'as authentic as it is widely spread' (i. p. 74).

Among the pictures (p. 17). This is described in 'Holland House' under 'The Sir Joshua Room' Chapter XX. ii. pp. 28-72, where the quotation from Walpole is given (pp. 45-6). Thackeray's 'Virginians' was not written in 1855, or Leigh Hunt might have referred to the use made of Lady Susan Strangways (not Strangeways) and her story in that celebrated novel, where Lady Maria Esmond marries Mr Hogan of Covent Garden Theatre,

who had acted the 'King of Hungary' in George Warrington's tragedy of 'Carpezan.'

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

History of James the Second (p. 26). The third Lord Holland amused himself by making a collection of copies of this book which had been in the possession of such distinguished owners as Mackintosh, Francis, Jerningham, Rogers, and General Fitzpatrick. These are still in the library ('Holland House,' ii. p. 174).

His friend Napoleon (p. 32). Lord Holland's friendship for Napoleon was very genuine; and was prolonged after disaster had overtaken him. Many relics of the emperor are preserved at Holland House. One of these is a copy of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for December 1816, on 'Letters from St Helena,' a book by the surgeon on board the *Northumberland*. Passages in this article, which had belonged to Barry O'Meara, and was given by him to the third Lady Holland, are marked in the margin by Napoleon, who expressed surprise at the minute knowledge of some incidents of his early life which was shown by the reviewer, Dr John Allen ('Holland House,' ii. p. 143).

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Little Holland House (p. 33). There is a miniature of Miss Fox by Cosway at Holland House. There is also a cameo ring having the words *Memento for Miss Fox* engraved upon it, together with the date of the birth and death of *Jeremy Bentham* (p. 34). The *Miss V.* (p. 33) was a Miss Vernon.

Addison Road (p. 36) ran across Lord Holland's farm.

'When, in the former of those years [1824] I saw "ADDISON ROAD" come and cut his beautiful farm across, and when I saw "*Cato Cottage*" (p. 37) and "*Homer Villa*" (p. 37) start up on the side of that road, I said, my Lord (and I am very sorry for it) will pay pretty dearly for his taste for the "*classics.*"' (Cobbett's 'Tour in Scotland,' etc., 1833, p. 88.)

General Fox (p. 36). There is a portrait of General Fox by C. Landseer (1836).

Expedition to the Interior of New Holland (p. 36). This was published in 1837.

The Gravel-pits (p. 39). Fielding testifies to the good air of Kensington Gravel-pits in the 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon,' 1755, p. 30.

Sir Augustus Wall Callcott (p. 42) died 25th November 1844, aged sixty-five; his brother, Dr John Wall (not William) Callcott (vol. i. p. 104) in 1821; and Lady Callcott (p. 42) in 1842.

Hawkins (p. 42) was certainly an unpopular man, as may be gathered from the testimonies of dispraise collected by Malone (Prior's 'Life of Malone,' 1860, pp. 425-6). But his 'Life of Johnson,' 1787, has not received the credit which it deserves.

Newton House (p. 45), according to the Rev. W. J. Loftie's 'Kensington,' 1888, p. 104, was part of two houses known as Orbell's Buildings. Both parts are now named Bullingham House, and used as a boarding-school. 'A chamber on the first floor of the southern house is traditionally pointed out as that in which Sir Isaac Newton died' (*ibid.* p. 103).

In another part of Kensington (p. 46). See *ante* vol. i. p. 137.

The infant Duke of Gloucester (p. 49). Mr Loftie points out (*ibid.* p. 95) that the little prince was never actually created Duke of Gloucester. He died in July 1700. Under the title 'The Memoirs of Queen Anne's Son,' Mr Loftie reprinted in 1881 a memoir of this poor boy by his servant, Jenkin Lewis, which contains many interesting particulars of his brief life, simply set down.

Not many years afterwards (p. 53). Lechmere bought Campden House in 1719.

A fashionable boarding-school (p. 55). In 1775, when Selwyn sent Mie Mie there, it was Mrs Terry's; in 1820, when Faulkner wrote, Mrs Stewart's. According to Faulkner, Mrs Stewart rented it from Stephen Pitt, the Mr Pitt mentioned at p. 55, who purchased it some years after Lord Lechmere's death in 1727.

Still bears the name of Campden House (p. 55). Campden House was destroyed by fire in 1862. Some years afterwards it was rebuilt on the old pattern. The site is now occupied by residential flats.

Little Campden House (p. 55) was originally built about 1690 to accommodate the suite of the Princess Anne. Mr Pitt lived in it himself for some time, and then let it to General Calvert, its tenant when Faulkner wrote in 1820. Later tenants were Mr and Mrs Alfred Wigan, the actors.

Lewis Jenkins (p. 56). Jenkin Lewis (see note to p. 49).

CHAPTER NINETEEN

King William the Third (p. 61). It was in 1689 that King William bought Nottingham House (Loftie's 'Kensington,' p. 138).

Addison in a paper (p. 80). *Spectator*, No. 477. 'It must have been a fine Genius for Gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly Hollow into so beautiful an Area, and to have hit the Eye with so uncommon and agreeable a Scene as that it is now wrought into.'

Pope's banter (p. 81). *Guardian*, No. 173.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Philippa Roet (p. 83) was, in 1366, one of the damoiselles of Queen Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III. She is styled '*una domicillarum camaræ Reginæ*.' Her father, Sir Payne Roet, was of Hainault.

They found the court tiresome (p. 86). They found it tiresome under George the Second, according to Pope: 'We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour was of all things the most miserable; and wished that every woman who envied it, had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat! all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for foxhunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour, and catch cold, in the princess's apartment; from thence (as Shakespear has it) *to dinner, with what appetite they may* — and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please.' ('Pope to Teresa and Martha Blount,' 13th September 1717).

The poor panting stag (p. 87). As to this, Hunt might have

drawn upon the already-quoted *Journal to Stella*:—'[July 31, 1711.] The Queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt; but, finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach; she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod.' '[August 7.] The Queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner.'

A divorced queen (p. 87). Sophia Dorothea of Celle, daughter of Duke George William of Brunswick-Luneburg, and Eleonora d'Olbreuze. She was married to George Lewis, Hereditary Prince of Hanover, afterwards George I., 21st November 1681, becoming the mother of George II., and (through her daughter, Sophia Dorothea, afterwards Queen of Prussia), grandmother of Frederick the Great. She was divorced from her husband, 31st December 1694, and confined for life in the 'castle' or grange of Ahlden, on the Aller, some twenty miles from Hanover. Here she died 13th November 1726. Her correspondence with Philip Christopher, Count von Königsmarck, recently (1900) published by Mr W. H. Wilkins from the originals in the University Library at Lund, and believed to be genuine, indicates that an illicit passion existed between the writers.

Tickell leading the way (p. 91). 'Kensington Garden' was first published in 1722. Johnson ('Life of Tickell') rightly says of its Grecian deities, and Gothic fairies, that 'neither species of these exploded Beings could have done much; and when they are brought together, they only make each other contemptible.' But they furnished Leigh Hunt with his rhapsody at p. 96!

Gay's 'Welcome (to Pope) from Greece' (p. 98). This really admirable exercise in the *ottava rima* of Ariosto is not in Gay's 'Poems' of 1720. It was first published in Vol. I. of Steevens's 'Additions to the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq.,' 1776, pp. 94-103.

Who was of French origin (p. 103). This was a fiction which Lady Hervey herself favoured. Her father, Nicholas Wedig Lepel, page in 1684 to Prince George of Denmark (Queen Anne's husband), was of Danish or North German descent. But Gibbon speaks ('Autobiographies,' 1896, p. 160) of 'her preference and even affectation of the manners, the language, and the literature of France.'

He wrote in it a book upon the nation (p. 103). This was the 'Letters concerning the English Nation,' published in London in 1733, and afterwards at Amsterdam as 'Lettres Philosophiques,' 1734.

Some English verses (p. 103). Voltaire seems to have preserved the faculty until late in life, for, in 1773, when he was 'an old sick man of eighty' at Ferney, he acknowledged Joseph Cradock's translation of his own unfinished tragedy of 'Les Scythes' with a Popesque couplet:

> 'Thanks to y^r^ muse a foreign copper shines
> Turn'd in to gold, and coin'd in sterling lines.'
> Cradock's 'Memoirs,' 1826, iii. p. 7.

Watteau came to England (p. 104). He came to London in 1720-1, having already a weak chest, which even Kensington could not improve. One of his works here was a sketch, which Arthur Pond etched in 1739, of the famous quack Dr John Misaubin of St Martin's Lane. There is a

copy of this etching in the Print Room of the British Museum.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

A poet, no friend of hers (p. 108). The lines quoted are from Pope's Epistle to Martha Blount 'On the Characters of Women,' ll. 257-264.

Lady Townshend (p. 111). This was Ethelreda or Audrey Harrison, Viscountess Townshend, sometimes supposed to be the original of Lady Bellaston in 'Tom Jones' (vol. i. p. 3), and, with more probability, the Lady Tempest of the Rev. Francis Coventry's 'Pompey the Little,' 1751.

The crush to get a sight of them (p. 112). 'They can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away' ('Walpole to Mann,' 18th June 1751). 'There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there. Dr Sacheveral never made more noise than these two beauties' ('To the same,' 23rd March 1752). Seven years later popular curiosity has not abated. 'Two ladies of distinction (who had, it seems, been incommoded by the mob, as the phrase is, on the Sunday before) walked up and down the walks [in St James's Park], preceded by soldiers from the guard'—a precaution which, we are told, 'gave no small offence to the rest of the company.' (*London Chronicle*, 23-26 June 1759). The ladies in question, we learn from Walpole, were Lady Coventry, and Horace's own beautiful niece Lady Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester.

They had no fortunes (p. 112). They were the daughters of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote, Co. Roscommon. In March 1752, the elder, Maria, married George William, sixth Earl of Coventry; the younger, Elizabeth, having married James Douglas, sixth Duke of Hamilton, in the previous February. Her Grace of Hamilton subsequently married (in 1759) Colonel John Campbell, later fifth Duke of Argyll.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Six years ago (p. 122). In 1848. The 'Memoirs of John, Lord Hervey, eldest surviving son of the Earl of Bristol,' were edited by John Wilson Croker. Thackeray thus writes of them, 'Hervey, the next great authority, is a darker spirit. About him there is something frightful: a few years since his heirs opened the lid of the Ickworth box; it was as if a Pompeii was opened to us — the last century dug up, with its temples and its games, its chariots, its public places — lupanaria. Wandering through that city of the dead, that dreadfully selfish time, through those godless intrigues and feasts, through those crowds, pushing, and eager, and struggling—rouged, and lying, and fawning—I have wanted some one to be friends with. I have said to friends conversant with that history, "Show me some good person about that court; find me, among those selfish courtiers, those dissolute, gay people, some one being that I can love and regard."' ('The Four Georges,' *Cornhill Magazine*, ii. 180.)

Endeavoured to retaliate (p. 122). Leigh Hunt is in error here, as the 'Verses Address'd to the Imitator of the First

Satire of the Second Book of Horace,' by Hervey and Lady Mary, which contain the line—

'Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,'

preceded and prompted the portraits of Sporus (or Paris, as it was at first) in 'An Epistle from Mr Pope to Dr Arbuthnot,' 1734.

The secret (p. 123). The origin of the quarrel between Pope and Hervey has never been explained, though Pope seems to have given the first public offence.

The gigantic fat Venus (p. 125). This must have been the masterpiece against which William Hogarth inveighed in his famous letter to the *St James's Evening Post* for June 7-9, 1737, over the signature of 'Britophil,'—a note to which speaks of 'A monstrous Venus at Kensington, valued at a thousand pounds, said to be painted by Michael Angelo di Buonarotti, or Jacomo di Pontermo, or Sebastiano del Piombo.'

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

See the letter (p. 143). The book referred to is the 'Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon,' by Mrs Thomson, 1847.

Waited for the death of his benefactress (p. 153). Queen Caroline had been a century dead when Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs' were published in 1848.

Her death (p. 158). To Lady Hertford's letter may be appended the account in Hervey of that death: 'About ten o'clock on Sunday night [20th November 1737]—the King being in bed and asleep on the floor at the feet of the Queen's bed, and the Princess Emily in a couch-bed in a

corner of the room—the Queen began to rattle in the throat; and Mrs Purcel giving the alarm that she was expiring, all in the room started up. Princess Caroline was sent for, and Lord Hervey, but before the last arrived the Queen was just dead. All she said before she died, was, "I have now got an asthma. Open the window." Then she said, "*Pray.*" Upon which the Princess Emily began to read some prayers, of which she scarce repeated ten words before the Queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking-glass to her lips, and finding there was not the least damp upon it, cried, "'Tis over": and said not one word more, nor shed as yet one tear, on the arrival of a misfortune the dread of which had cost her so many.' ('Memoirs of the Reign of George II.,' 1848, vol ii. pp. 538-9.)

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Caroline of Brunswick (p. 165) died on the 7th August 1821. In the conflict at the corner of Church Street, to which Leigh Hunt refers, two tradesmen were killed.

Queen Victoria was born (p. 174) in a room looking out on the Gardens, towards the Round Pond, at the north-east corner of the main building of the Palace. It bears on a brass plate the inscription, 'In this room Queen Victoria was born, May 24th, 1819.'

This is the lady (p. 180). Reynolds painted Kitty Fisher as Cleopatra; but the bank-note story is told by Horace Walpole of another courtesan, Fanny Murray, the Fanny of Wilkes's 'Essay on Woman' (*Letter to George Montagu*, 20th October 1748).

General Burgoyne (p. 181) wrote 'The Lord of the Manor,' 1781, 'The Maid of the Oaks,' 1774, and 'The Heiress,' 1786.

Calling themselves Macaronis (p. 184). The name came from the Italian dish first made fashionable by the Macaroni Club, and was afterwards applied by extension to 'the younger and gayer part of our nobility and gentry, who, at the same time that they gave into the luxuries of eating, went equally into the extravagancies of dress' (*Macaroni and Theatrical Magazine*, October 1772). Their 'large pigtails' (p. 184) are referred to in Sir Benjamin Backbite's epigram:

> 'To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
> Their legs are so slim and their tails are so long.'
> *School for Scandal*, 1777, Act ii. sc. 2.

From a poet (p. 192). The former of these quotations is from Abraham Cowley's second essay of 'Solitude'; the latter, as stated, from 'The Garden' (No. V. strophe xi.).

THE END

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